

BRIDLED  
WITH  
RAINBOWS



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poems about many things of  
earth and sky, selected by

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Decorations by Vera Bock.  
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BRIDLED WITH RAINBOWS



# BRIDLED WITH RAINBOWS



*Poems About Many Things*

*Of Earth And Sky*

*Selected By*



SARA and JOHN E. BREWTON



*Decorations By*

VERA BOCK

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY • NEW YORK

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TO

*George Meredith Blackburn, Jr.*

*Little White Horses are out on the sea,  
Bridled with rainbows and speckled with foam,  
Laden with presents for you and for me,  
Mermaids and fairies are riding them home!*

*—Winifred Howard*

## FOREWORD

Eleven years ago, in *Under the Tent of the Sky*, we shared with you poems about animals large and small which we thought delightful. Three years later, in *Gaily We Parade*, we shared with you poems about a gay procession of people—all kinds—home folk, town folk, country folk, funny folk, fairy folk, royal folk, even folk that never were except in fancy.

In *Bridled with Rainbows*, we give you more poems of pure delight—poems about the many things of earth and sky. Of these things Robert Louis Stevenson was thinking when he said:

The world is so full of a number of things,  
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

And Sara Teasdale when she wrote:

Life has loveliness to sell,  
All beautiful and splendid things . . .

And Rachel Field when she said:

There are things you almost see  
In the woods of evening—  
Fairies as thick as fireflies,  
Elves leaping in a ring.

There are things you almost hear  
When no one passes by—  
Stirring of seeds in good damp earth,  
Stars marching through the sky.

So, in *Bridled with Rainbows*, we give you these beautiful splendid things of earth and sky. And remember "the safe-kept memory of a lovely thing" is "better than the minting of a gold-crowned king."

September, 1948

Sara Westbrook Brewton  
John Edmund Brewton



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# OFF TO SOMEWHERE



I want to be off to Somewhere  
To far, lone, lovely Somewhere,  
No matter where Somewhere be.

—Walter de la Mare





## ROADS

A road might lead to anywhere—  
    To harbor towns and quays,  
Or to a witch's pointed house  
    Hidden by bristly trees.  
It might lead past the tailor's door,  
    Where he sews with needle and thread,  
Or by Miss Pim the milliner's,  
    With her hats for every head.  
It might be a road to a great, dark cave  
    With treasure and gold piled high,  
Or a road with a mountain tied to its end,  
    Blue-humped against the sky.  
Oh, a road might lead you anywhere—  
    To Mexico or Maine.  
But then, it might just fool you, and—  
    Lead you back home again!

—*Rachel Field*

## THE OLD INN-SIGN

(1825)

The roadway has a flinten face  
And breath is like a steam,  
While loud and taut upon the trace  
Comes on the cantering team.  
For at my Inn the coaches stop,  
The fares they stay to dine  
When horses' hoofs come *clip-a-clop*,  
*Clip-a-clop, clip-a-clop*,  
Before the old Inn-sign.

Now fetch your faggots in, good lass!  
Good ostler fetch your hay!  
And let the time in comfort pass  
While man and horse delay.  
For cheerless is the coach's top  
And heavy is the load  
When horses' hoofs go *clip-a-clop*,  
*Clip-a-clop, clip-a-clop*,  
Along the frosty road.

Now show the dame into her chair,  
Unboot her weary lord,  
And set before them both good fare  
With flagons on the board,  
For welcome is the coach's stop,  
And bravely shall they dine  
When horses' hoofs come *clip-a-clop*,  
*Clip-a-clop, clip-a-clop*,  
Before the old Inn-sign.

—Wilfrid Thorley

## ROAD FELLOWS

Little Tillie Turtle

Went a-walking down the road  
And happened at the corner  
On little Tommy Toad.

"Good-morning, Sir," said Tillie.  
"Good-morning, Ma'am," said he,  
And they strolled along together  
As cosy as could be.

And when they reached the orchard,  
As sure as you're alive,  
They saw big Billy Bumble-bee  
Emerging from his hive.

"Good-morning, friends," said Billy.  
"Good-morning, Sir," said they.  
"We're very glad to notice  
That you're going down our way."

Along they sauntered gaily,  
Till on a wayside stone  
They saw young Benny Beetle Bug  
A-sitting there alone.  
"Good-morning, Sir," they caroled.  
"Good-morning all, to you,"  
Said Benny, "are you traveling?  
I'd like to travel, too."  
They beckoned him politely;  
He followed with a will.  
And if they haven't stopped for tea  
I think they're strolling still.

—Barbara Young

## MAPS

High adventure  
And bright dream—  
Maps are mightier  
Than they seem:

Ships that follow  
Leaning stars—  
Red and gold of  
Strange bazaars—

Ice floes hid  
Beyond all knowing—  
Planes that ride where  
Winds are blowing!

Train maps, maps of  
Wind and weather,  
Road maps—taken  
Altogether

Maps are really  
Magic wands  
For home-staying  
Vagabonds!

—*Dorothy Brown Thompson*

## TRAINS AT NIGHT

I like the whistle of trains at night,  
The fast trains thundering by so proud!  
They rush and rumble across the world,  
They ring wild bells and they toot so loud!

But I love better the slower trains.  
They take their time through the world instead,  
And whistle softly and stop to tuck  
Each sleepy blinking town in bed!

—*Frances Frost*

## THE RAILROAD CARS ARE COMING

The great Pacific railway,  
For California hail!  
Bring on the locomotive,  
Lay down the iron rail;  
Across the rolling prairies  
By steam we're bound to go,  
The railroad cars are coming, humming  
Through New Mexico,  
The railroad cars are coming, humming  
Through New Mexico.  
The little dogs in dog-town  
Will wag each little tail;  
They'll think that something's coming  
A-riding on a rail.  
The rattlesnake will show its fangs,  
The owl to-whit, tu-who,  
The railroad cars are coming, humming  
Through New Mexico,  
The railroad cars are coming, humming  
Through New Mexico.

—*Author Unknown*

## THE EDGE OF THE WORLD<sup>1</sup>

From the top of the bluff, where the wind blows free,  
Clear out to the edge of the world I see,  
And I look and look, till my eyes grow dim,  
But I can't see what lies over the rim!

I see the steamers go in towards town;  
I watch the schooners sail slowly down—  
Down out of sight, and far away—  
Oh! I shall sail over the rim, some day.

Over the rim and far beyond,  
To Hong-Kong and Bagdad and Trebizond,  
And Ceylon's Isle, where the breezes blow,  
And the Happy Harbor, where good ships go.

And it may be bad, or it may be fair,  
And I may come back, or I may stay there,  
But one thing is sure—be it gay or grim,  
Some day—some day—I must cross that rim!

—*Mary Fanny Youngs*

## ALL ABOARD FOR BOMBAY

All aboard for Bombay,  
All aboard for Rome!  
Leave your little sisters  
And your loving aunts at home.

Bring a bit of bailing wire,  
A pocketful of nails,  
And half a dozen wienewursts  
For every man that sails.

<sup>1</sup> Taken from *When We Were Little*, by Mary Fanny Youngs, published and copyright, 1919, renewed 1947, by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York.

Tell Terry Tagg, when you go by,  
Be sure to bring his dog.

All aboard for Bombay  
On a floating cedar log!

—*Leroy F. Jackson*

## SAILOR

My sweetheart's a Sailor,  
He sails on the sea,  
When he comes home  
He brings presents for me;  
Coral from China,  
Silks from Siam,  
Parrots and pearls  
From Seringapatam,  
Silver from Mexico,  
Gold from Peru,  
Indian feathers  
From Kalamazoo,  
Scents from Sumatra,  
Mantillas from Spain,  
A fisherman's float  
From the waters of Maine,  
Reindeers from Lapland,  
Ducks from Bombay,  
A unicorn's horn  
From the Land of Cathay—  
Isn't it lucky  
For someone like me  
To marry a Sailor  
Who sails on the sea!

—*Eleanor Farjeon*

## THE BARGE

I saw a great barge  
On the river to-day  
All roomy and large,  
All painted and gay.  
And only a boy  
And a dog were in charge . . .  
Oh, think what a joy  
To look after a barge.  
—Rose Fyleman

## THE BOAT

Sleeping in a cabin is as jolly as can be,  
And it's fun to throw your rubbish out straight into the sea;  
And the captain is so handsome, with gold upon his coat,  
And I do like living on a boat.

The steward gives me apples, and orange juice to drink,  
And the lamps are lit at lunch time, all beautiful and pink;  
And there's soup with little letters in, and lovely stripy ice,  
And when the floor went wobbly it was nice.

We haven't seen a mermaid, we haven't had a wreck,  
But I've never known a nursery so thrilling as a deck;  
I never do a lesson, I never play a note . . .  
I do like living on a boat.

—Rose Fyleman



## IF ONCE YOU HAVE SLEPT ON AN ISLAND

If once you have slept on an island  
You'll never be quite the same;  
You may look as you looked the day before  
And go by the same old name,

You may bustle about in street and shop;  
You may sit at home and sew,  
But you'll see blue water and wheeling gulls  
Wherever your feet may go.

You may chat with the neighbors of this and that  
And close to your fire keep,  
But you'll hear ship whistle and lighthouse bell  
And tides beat through your sleep.

Oh, you won't know why, and you can't say how  
Such change upon you came,  
But—once you have slept on an island  
You'll never be quite the same!

—*Rachel Field*

## BEING A GYPSY

A gypsy, a gypsy,  
Is what I'd like to be,  
If ever I could find one who  
Would change his place with me.

Rings on my fingers,  
Earrings in my ears,  
Rough shoes to roam the world  
For years and years and years!

I'd listen to the stars,  
I'd listen to the dawn,  
I'd learn the tunes of wind and rain,  
The talk of fox and faun.

A gypsy, a gypsy!  
To ramble and to roam  
For maybe—oh,  
A week or so—  
And then I'd hie me home!

—*Barbara Young*

## SOMEWHERE

Would you tell me the way to Somewhere?  
Somewhere, Somewhere,  
I have heard of a place called Somewhere—  
But know not where it can be.

It makes no difference,  
Whether or not  
I go in dreams  
Or trudge on foot:  
Could you tell me the way to Somewhere,  
The Somewhere meant for me?

There's a little old house in Somewhere—  
Somewhere, Somewhere,  
A queer little house, with a Cat and a Mouse—  
Just room enough for three.

A kitchen, a larder,  
A bin for bread,  
A string of candles,  
Or stars instead,  
A table, a chair,  
And a four-post bed—  
There's room for us all in Somewhere,  
For the Cat and the Mouse and Me.

Puss is called *Skimme* in Somewhere,  
In Somewhere, Somewhere;  
*Miaou, miaou*, in Somewhere,  
S—K—I—M—M—E.  
Miss Mouse is scarcely  
One inch tall,  
So *she* never needed  
A name at all;

And though you call,  
And call, and call,  
There squeaks no answer,  
Great or small—  
Though her tail is a sight times longer  
Than this is likely to be:—

FOR

I want to be *off* to Somewhere,  
To far, lone, lovely Somewhere,  
No matter where Somewhere be.

It makes no difference  
Whether or not  
I flit in sleep  
Or trudge on foot,  
Or this time tomorrow  
How far I've got,  
Summer or Winter,  
Cold, or hot,  
Where, or When,  
Or Why, or What—  
Please, tell me the way to Somewhere—  
Somewhere, Somewhere;  
Somewhere, Somewhere, Somewhere, SOMEWHERE—  
The Somewhere meant for me!

—*Walter de la Mare*

# WHAT WE WEAR— O DEARIE ME



But what we wear—O dearie me!—  
Is naught but a patch upon what we be.  
And rags and tatters often hide  
A brave little body bunched up inside.

—Walter de la Mare



## BEST

I like to wear my party frock  
That Auntie bought in town,  
My patent shoes with shiny toes,  
My Sunday hat with little bows,  
And ribbons hanging down.  
I like to hear the people say:  
"How pretty Nancy looks to-day!"

But Daddy shakes his head and says:  
"You'll make her very vain."  
And Grannie says: "She should be dressed  
In everything that's of the best  
But rather neat and plain."  
And Mother says: "My goodness me!  
Who *can* this lovely lady be?"

—Rose Fyleman

ELIZABETH ANN PEABODY<sup>1</sup>

The other day I went upstairs  
To our top attic-room;  
'Twas dusty, dark and cobwebby,  
'Twas dim and full of gloom.  
I lit a tall white candle there  
And in its flickering flame  
I saw a dusty wooden chest,  
And, on the lid, a name.

"ELIZABETH ANN PEABODY"—  
Aloud I spelt it—so!  
The name of Great-Great-Grandmama  
Who'd lived—oh, years ago!  
I lifted up the heavy lid,  
It made a creaking sound,  
And there inside, a silken dress,  
A crinoline, I found.

Beneath its folds there was a fan  
With rosy ribbons tied,  
A pair of rosy mittens made  
Of lace was there beside.  
I donned the blue-green crinoline,  
The lacy mittens too.  
I looked inside the glass to see  
A face I scarcely knew.

It wasn't Betty Peabody  
Who looked right back at me!  
It was—I'M CERTAIN—SHE!

ELIZABETH ANN PEABODY!

<sup>1</sup> Taken from *Fairies and Suchlike*, by Ivy O. Eastwick, published and copyright, 1946, by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York.



Her hair was neatly parted  
In the sweetest little curls,  
She looked the most demure of all  
Demure little girls.

She held the pretty fan with rosy  
Satin ribbons tied,  
Her crinoline of blue-green billowed  
Out on either side.

Her mouth was red and smiling,  
And her shoulders pinky-pearl . . .  
Oh, Elizabeth Ann Peabody,  
You WERE a charming girl!

—*Ivy O. Eastwick*

## THE MITTEN SONG

"Thumbs in the thumb-place,  
Fingers all together!"

This is the song  
We sing in mitten-weather.

When it is cold,  
It doesn't matter whether  
Mittens are wool,  
Or made of finest leather.

This is the song  
We sing in mitten-weather:  
"Thumbs in the thumb-place,  
Fingers all together!"

—*Marie Louise Allen*

## AN INDIGNANT MALE

The way they scrub  
Me in the tub  
I think there's  
    Hardly  
    Any  
    Doubt  
Sometime they'll rub  
And rub and rub  
Until they simply  
    Rub  
    Me  
    Out.

—*A. B. Ross*

## MY ZIPPER SUIT

My zipper suit is bunny-brown—  
The top zips up, the legs zip down.  
I wear it every day.  
My daddy brought it out from town.  
Zip it up, and zip it down,  
And hurry out to play.

—*Marie Louise Allen*

## BRYAN O'LIN HAD NO BREECHES TO WEAR

Bryan O'Lin had no breeches to wear,  
So he bought him a sheepskin and made him a pair.  
With the skinny side out, and the woolly side in,  
"Ah ha, that is warm!" said Bryan O'Lin.

—*Mother Goose*

## THE BONNIE CRAVAT

Jennie, come tie my,  
Jennie, come tie my,  
Jennie, come tie my bonnie cravat;  
I've tied it behind,  
I've tied it before,  
I've tied it so often, I'll tie it no more.

—*Mother Goose*

## BOBBY SHAFTOE'S GONE TO SEA

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,  
Silver buckles on his knee;  
He'll come back and marry me,  
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe!  
Bobby Shaftoe's young and fair,  
Combing down his yellow hair,  
He's my love for evermore,  
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

—*Mother Goose*

## THE LOST SHOE

Poor little Lucy  
By some mischance,  
Lost her shoe  
As she did dance:  
'Twas not on the stairs  
Not in the hall;  
Not where they sat  
At supper at all.  
She looked in the garden,  
But there it was not;  
Henhouse, or kennel,  
Or high dovecote.  
Dairy and meadow,  
And wild woods through  
Showed not a trace  
Of Lucy's shoe.  
Bird nor bunny  
Nor glimmering moon  
Breathed a whisper  
Of where 'twas gone.  
It was cried and cried,  
Oyez and Oyez!  
In French, Dutch, Latin,  
And Portuguese.  
Ships the dark seas  
Went plunging through,  
But none brought news  
Of Lucy's shoe;  
And still she patters  
In silk and leather,  
O'er snow, sand, shingle  
In every weather;

Spain, and Africa,  
Hindustan,  
Java, China,  
And lamped Japan;  
Plain and desert,  
She hops—hops through,  
Pernambuco  
To gold Peru;  
Mountain and forest,  
And river too,  
All the world over  
For her lost shoe.  
—*Walter de la Mare*

### CHOOSING SHOES

New shoes, new shoes,  
Red and pink and blue shoes.  
Tell me, what would *you* choose,  
If they'd let us buy?  
Buckle shoes, bow shoes,  
Pretty pointy-toe shoes,  
Strappy, cappy low shoes;  
Let's have some to try.  
Bright shoes, white shoes,  
Dandy-dance-by-night shoes,  
Perhaps-a-little-tight shoes,  
Like some? So would I.

*But*

Flat shoes, fat shoes,  
Stump-along-like-that shoes,  
Wipe-them-on-the-mat shoes,  
That's the sort they'll buy.  
—*ffrida Wolfe*

## GALOSHES<sup>1</sup>

Susie's galoshes  
Make splishes and splashes  
And slooshes and sloshes,  
As Susie steps slowly  
Along in the slush.

They stamp and they tramp  
On the ice and concrete,  
They get stuck in the muck and the mud;  
But Susie likes much best to hear

The slippery slush  
As it slooshes and sloshes,  
And splishes and splashes,  
All round her galoshes!

—*Rhoda W. Bacmeister*

## HIGH AND LOW

A Boot and a Shoe and a Slipper  
Lived once in a Cobbler's row;  
But the Boot and the Shoe  
Would have nothing to do  
With the Slipper, because she was low.

But the king and the queen and their daughter  
On the Cobbler chanced to call;  
And as neither the Boot  
Nor the Shoe would suit  
The Slipper went off to the ball.

—*John Banister Jabb*

<sup>1</sup> Taken from *Stories to Begin On*, by Rhoda W. Bacmeister, published and copyright, 1940, by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York.

## COURTESY

A pretty little boy and a pretty little girl

Found a pretty little blossom by the way;

Said the pretty little boy to the pretty little girl:

"Take it, O my pretty one, I pray!"

Said the pretty little girl to the pretty little boy:

"I must hold my Sunday bonnet, sir, you see:

So, I thank you very kindly, but I'd very much prefer

You should carry it, and walk along with me."

—*Mary Mapes Dodge*

## THE BUCKLE

I had a silver buckle,

I sewed it on my shoe,

And 'neath a sprig of mistletoe

I danced the evening through.

I had a bunch of cowslips,

I hid them in a grot,

In case the elves should come by night

And me remember not.

I had a yellow riband,

I tied it in my hair,

That, walking in the garden,

The birds might see it there.

I had a secret laughter,

I laughed it near the wall:

Only the ivy and the wind

May tell of it at all.

—*Walter de la Mare*

## POCKETS

A child should have a pocket—  
Supposing on the road  
He runs across a beetle,  
Or a lizard, or a toad?  
However will he carry them?  
Whatever will he do  
If he hasn't got a pocket  
To put them into?

A child should have a pocket  
On which he fairly dotes!  
Not one, or two, but many  
In his little waistcoats—  
And one will be for money  
He finds on the roads,  
And one for cake and cookies—  
And one for hoptoads!

—*Susan Adger Williams*



# COME, LET US PLAY



And dancing  
And leaping  
And laughing  
We go!

—Ivy O. Eastwick



## ONE DAY WHEN WE WENT WALKING

One day when we went walking,  
I found a dragon's tooth,  
A dreadful dragon's tooth.  
"A locust thorn," said Ruth.

One day when we went walking,  
I found a brownie's shoe,  
A brownie's button shoe.  
"A dry pea pod," said Sue.

One day when we went walking,  
I found a mermaid's fan,  
A merry mermaid's fan.  
"A scallop shell," said Dan.

One day when we went walking,  
I found a fairy's dress,  
A fairy's flannel dress.  
"A mullein leaf," said Bess.

Next time that I go walking—  
Unless I meet an elf,  
A funny, friendly elf—  
I'm going by myself!

—*Valine Hobbs*

## THE PEAR TREE

I love our old pear tree,  
Our old gnarled pear tree.  
It doesn't bear apples  
And it doesn't bear pears,  
So it has lots of room  
For the bears.

So up in the pear tree  
Where the pears are not—  
The nice juicy pears  
That the tree hasn't got—  
Lives a family of bears  
As fierce as can be.

They're wild old bears  
But they're scared of me.  
'Cause whenever I shout  
To the top of the tree,  
"Bears, Bears,  
You better watch out,  
I'm coming up stairs—"

You can hear them growl,  
The way bears do,  
"Come on up stairs  
We're not afraid of you."

But they're scared all right  
'Cause they never stop  
To play or fight.  
When I reach the top  
They're out of sight.

I wouldn't hurt the silly old bears.  
I like them better than apples or pears  
In our old pear tree  
That doesn't grow apples  
Or doesn't grow pears,  
But leaves lots of room  
For me and the bears.

—*E. Elizabeth Longwell*

## GIRLS AND BOYS, COME OUT TO PLAY

Girls and boys, come out to play,  
The moon doth shine as bright as day  
Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,  
And come with your playfellows into the street,  
Come with a whoop, come with a call,  
Come with a good will or not at all.  
Up the ladder and down the wall,  
A halfpenny roll will serve us all;  
You find milk, and I'll find flour,  
And we'll have a pudding in half-an-hour.

—*Mother Goose*

## LITTLE CLOWN PUPPET

A little clown puppet began to fret,  
"I'm tired of being a marionette . . ."

So he ran away and slept by a tree,

And while he was sleeping . . . Gracious me!  
A crow came by on flapping wing  
And picked him up for a ball of string.

She picked him up in her cawing beak,  
But she let him drop when she heard him speak.

He fell through the air and caught on a limb,  
And the earth was a long way off from him!  
"Oh, dear, I shall never be free again!"

He wailed, and his tears fell fast as rain.  
They fell on a chipmunk, brown and furry,  
Who ran for a toadstool all in a hurry.

"Well," thought the puppet, "*that is cute!*  
He thinks the stool is a bumbershoot.  
Bring it up here," he called in glee,

"I'll use it to take me out of this tree."  
So the chipmunk carried it up to him  
Where he hung and swung on a crackling limb.

Then down from the tree the chipmunk scooted,  
But the little clown puppet, he parachuted!

—Carolyn Haywood

## SKATING

When I try to skate,  
My feet are so wary  
They grit and they grate;  
And then I watch Mary  
Easily gliding,  
Like an ice-fairy;  
Skimming and curving,  
Out and in,  
With a turn of her head,  
And a lift of her chin,  
And a gleam of her eye,  
And a twirl and a spin;  
Sailing under  
The breathless hush  
Of the willows, and back  
To the frozen rush;  
Out to the island  
And round the edge,  
Skirting the rim  
Of the crackling sedge,  
Swerving close  
To the poplar root,  
And round the lake  
On a single foot,  
With a three, and an eight,  
And a loop and a ring;  
Where Mary glides,  
The lake will sing!  
Out in the mist  
I hear her now  
Under the frost  
Of the willow-bough

Easily sailing,  
Light and fleet,  
With the song of the lake  
Beneath her feet.

—*Herbert Asquith*

## MERRY-GO-ROUND

I climbed up on the merry-go-round,  
And it went round and round.

I climbed up on a big brown horse  
And it went up and down.

Around and round  
And up and down,  
Around and round  
And up and down,  
I sat high up  
On a big brown horse  
And rode around  
On the merry-go-round  
And rode around  
On the merry-go-round  
I rode around  
On the merry-go-round  
Around  
And round  
And  
Round.

—*Dorothy Walter Baruch*



## MY PLAN

When I'm a little older  
I plan to buy a boat,  
And up and down the river  
The two of us will float.

I'll have a little cabin  
All painted white and red  
With shutters for the window  
And curtains for the bed.

I'll have a little cookstove  
On which to fry my fishes,  
And all the Hudson River  
In which to wash my dishes.

—*Marchette Chute*

## THE BIG SWING-TREE IS GREEN AGAIN

The big swing-tree is green again—  
That means that summer's coming;  
If you listen, you may hear  
A pleasant sort of humming;  
It sounds as if the big swing-tree  
Were chuckling low and singing,  
And that's a happy sound, because  
It means we'll soon be swinging!  
Up and up, down and down,  
Swinging high, swinging low,  
All the children waiting turns,  
Standing in a row.

—*Mary Jane Carr*

## A SWING SONG

Swing, swing,  
Sing, sing,  
Here's my throne, and I am a king!  
Swing, sing,  
Swing, sing,  
Farewell, Earth, for I'm on the wing!

Low, high,  
Here I fly,  
Like a bird through sunny sky;  
Free, free,  
Over the lea,  
Over the mountain, over the sea!

Up, down,  
Up and down,  
Which is the way to London Town?  
Where, where?  
Up in the air,  
Close your eyes, and now you are there!

Soon, soon,  
Afternoon,  
Over the sunset, over the moon;  
Far, far,  
Over all bar,  
Sweeping on from star to star!

No, no,  
Low, low,  
Sweeping daisies with my toe.  
Slow, slow,  
To and fro,  
Slow—  
slow—  
slow—  
slow.  
—*William Allingham*

### THE HUT

We built a hut, my brother and I,  
Over a sandy pit,  
With twigs that bowed and met above  
And leaves to cover it.  
  
And there we sat when all around  
The rain came pouring down.  
We knew if we were out in it  
We'd both be sure to drown.  
  
And though in puddles at our feet  
Drops gathered from the sky,  
We smiled through strands of dripping hair,  
Because we felt so dry.  
—*Hilda Van Stockum*

## THE DRUM

The drum's a very quiet fellow  
When he's left alone;  
But oh, how he does roar and bellow,  
Rattle, snap and groan,  
Clatter, spatter, dash and patter,  
Rumble, shriek and moan  
Whene'er I take my sticks in hand  
And beat him soundly for the band.

—*John Farrar*

## THE HAYMOW

Up in the barn where they keep the hay  
Is a wonderful, wonderful place to play.

So, "Who cares *that* if it starts to rain?"  
Said Peter and Patrick, Samantha and Jane.

"Rain, rain, come and stay,  
We're going out to the barn to play."

They tiptoed first to a knothole house  
With a piece of cheese for their fav'rite mouse.

They found some kittens in a secret nest,  
And the black hen setting where no one guessed.

They climbed where the rafters were dreadfully high,  
And fell in the hay when they tried to fly.

They were castaways on a South Sea isle  
And didn't get saved for a long, long while.

Then they thought up stories that were very clever,  
And decided to live in the hay forever.

So they made deep tunnels in the soft sweet clover,  
And there they lived—till the rain was over.

—*Luella Markley Mockett*

## PIPINGS

Pipe thee high and pipe thee low!  
Faster and faster small feet go,  
Twinkling, dancing over the hill,  
Little fat toes never keep still.

Pipe thee high and pipe thee low!  
Red baby mouths sing so and so  
To tripping tunes of green Pan pipes,  
That lilt and fall o'er hay-cocked heights.

Pipe thee high and pipe thee low!  
Grown-up people must dance just so;  
But wee folk skip in sunlit lanes  
As blossoms blow on window panes.

—*J. Paget-Fredericks*

# GO DANCING TO SCHOOL



The sun's warm and friendly  
The breeze soft and cool,  
And gay little children  
Go dancing to school.

—Ivy O. Eastwick





## MAY MORNINGS

May mornings are merry,  
May mornings are gay,  
For every green hedgerow  
Is fragrant with may,  
And every blithe blackbird  
Is singing like mad,  
And nothing is dreary  
Or weary or sad.  
The sun's warm and friendly,  
The breeze soft and cool,  
And gay little children  
Go dancing to school.

—*Ivy O. Eastwick*

## SCHOOL-BELL

Nine-o'clock Bell!

Nine-o'clock Bell!

All the small children and big ones as well,  
Pulling their stockings up, snatching their hats,  
Cheeking and grumbling and giving back-chats,  
Laughing and quarreling, dropping their things,  
These at a snail's pace and those upon wings,  
Lagging behind a bit, running ahead,  
Waiting at corners for lights to turn red,

Some of them scurrying,

Others not worrying,

Carelessly trudging or anxiously hurrying,  
All through the streets they are coming pell-mell

At the Nine-o'clock

Nine-o'clock

Nine-o'clock

Bell!

—*Eleanor Farjeon*

## SCHOOL BEGINS

What a gay  
September day!  
Chums meeting  
Shout a greeting.  
School bells clang,  
"Hi ya, gang!"  
—*Nell Goodale Price*

## BEING SICK

Staying in bed and being sick  
Is better as a rule  
Than grammar or arithmetic  
And other things at school.  
—*Jimmy Garthwaite*

## I'VE GOT A NEW BOOK FROM MY GRANDFATHER HYDE

I've got a new book from my Grandfather Hyde.  
It's skin on the cover and paper inside,  
And reads about Arabs and horses and slaves,  
And tells how the Caliph of Bagdad behaves.  
I'd not take a goat and a dollar beside  
For the book that I got from my Grandfather Hyde.  
—*Leroy F. Jackson*

## ROGER FRANCIS

Roger Francis  
Isn't quick  
At History dates  
Or Arithmetic;  
But Roger Francis  
Is awfully fond  
Of catching tiddlers  
In the pond.

The only date  
That ever I've  
Known him recall  
Is November five;  
The only Queen  
Quite clear in his head,  
Is good Queen Anne  
(And he knows she's dead).

The only table  
He can recite,  
Is the one times one  
(And not always right).  
He knows that pennies  
His pocket filling,  
Must count to twelve  
To be worth a shilling.

Roger Francis  
Never looks,  
If he can help it,  
Inside of books;  
Roger Francis  
Is happier far  
With a rod, a net,  
And a pickle-jar.

—*Wilfrid Thorley*

## OUR HISTORY

Our history sings of centuries  
Such varying songs it sings!  
It starts with winds, slow moving sails,  
It ends with skies and wings.

—*Catherine Cate Coblenz*

## MULTIPLICATION IS VEXATION

Multiplication is vexation,  
Division is as bad;  
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,  
And Practice drives me mad.

—*Mother Goose*

## GEOGRAPHY

Islands and peninsulas, continents and capes,  
Dromedaries, cassowaries, elephants and apes,  
Rivers, lakes and waterfalls, whirlpools and the sea,  
Valley-beds and mountain-tops—are all Geography!

The capitals of Europe with so many curious names,  
The North Pole and the South Pole and Vesuvius in flames,  
Rice-fields, ice-fields, cotton-fields, fields of maize and tea,  
The Equator and the Hemispheres—are all Geography!

The very streets I live in, and the meadows where I play,  
Are just as much Geography as countries far away,  
Where yellow girls and coffee boys are learning about me,  
The little white-skinned stranger who is in Geography!

—*Eleanor Farjeon*

## OLD MAPS

I love old maps made long ago  
With queer mistakes in foreign places,  
Where all the things they didn't know  
Are empty spaces.

I love the pictures in the sea  
Of scaly dragons and of mermen  
And monsters of dark mystery  
That used to stir men.

I love the men with tails, and those  
Whose head between their shoulders lingers,  
The cannibals, those with no nose  
Or sixteen fingers.

I wish the maps we have in school  
Were not so dull, nor quite so finished.  
I find my pleasure as a rule  
Is quite diminished.

—*Eunice Tietjens*

## THE ORGAN-GRINDER

The monkey and the organ man  
Come every now and then  
They go away the longest time  
And then come back again.

They come around the school you know  
When we are out at noon  
And play that hurdy gurdy thing  
That's *always* out of tune.

The monkey wears a velvet coat  
And asks you for a penny.  
He asked me once—and squeaked at me  
Because I hadn't any!

—*Jimmy Garthwaite*

## SNIFF

When school is out, we love to follow  
our noses over hill and hollow,  
smelling jewelweed and vetch,  
sniffing fern and milkweed patch.

The airy fifth of our five senses  
leads us under, over, fences.  
We run like rabbits through bright hours  
and poke our noses into flowers!

—*Frances Frost*

# BELLS IN THE COUNTRY



Bells in the country,  
They sing the heart to rest  
When night is on the high road  
And day is in the west.

—Robert Nathan





## BELLS IN THE COUNTRY

Bells in the country,  
They sing the heart to rest  
When night is on the high road  
And day is in the west.

And once they came to my house  
As soft as beggars shod,  
And brought it nearer heaven,  
And maybe nearer God.

—*Robert Nathan*

## CITY STREETS AND COUNTRY ROADS

The city has streets—  
But the country has roads.  
In the country one meets  
Blue carts with their loads  
Of sweet-smelling hay,  
And mangolds, and grain:  
Oh, take me away  
To the country again!

In the city one sees,  
Big trams rattle by,  
And the breath of the chimneys  
That blot out the sky,  
And all down the pavements  
Stiff lamp-posts one sees—  
But the country has hedgerows,  
The country has trees.

As sweet as the sun  
In the country is rain:  
Oh, take me away  
To the country again!  
—*Eleanor Farjeon*

## COUNTRY TRUCKS

Big trucks with apples  
And big trucks with grapes  
Thundering through the mountains  
While every wild thing gapes.

Thundering through the valley,  
Like something just let loose,  
Big trucks with oranges  
For city children's juice.

Big trucks with peaches,  
And big trucks with pears,  
Frightening all the rabbits  
And giving squirrels gray hairs.

Yet, when city children  
Sit down to plum or prune,  
They know more trucks are coming  
As surely as the moon.

—*Monica Shannon*

### MAD FARMER'S SONG

My father he left me three acres of land,  
Sing ivy, sing ivy;  
My father he left me three acres of land,  
Sing holly, go whistle, and ivy!

I plowed it all with a ram's horn,  
Sing ivy, sing ivy;  
And sowed it all over with one pepper-corn,  
Sing holly, go whistle, and ivy!

I harrowed it with a bramble bush,  
Sing ivy, sing ivy;  
And reaped it with my little penknife,  
Sing holly, go whistle, and ivy!

—*Author Unknown*

## LEGACY

I had a rich old great-aunt  
Who left me, when she died,  
A little sloping acre  
And not a thing beside.

Nothing else she left me  
But a clump of sweet phlox  
And an old silver aspen  
And some hollyhocks.

A humming-bird disputed  
My heritage with me,  
And so did a robin  
And a gold-backed bee.

A cricket owned a hummock,  
He couldn't say how;  
Two wrens held a mortgage  
On one aspen bough.

A toad claimed a corner  
(He said it was a lease).  
We learned to live together  
In a sort of cheery peace.

Never such an acre  
To mortal was given!  
My good old great-aunt,  
May she rest in heaven!

—*Nancy Byrd Turner*

## THE AXE HAS CUT THE FOREST DOWN

The axe has cut the forest down,  
The laboring ox has smoothed all clear,  
Apples now grow where pine trees stood,  
And slow cows graze instead of deer.

Where Indian fires once raised their smoke  
The chimneys of a farmhouse stand,  
And cocks crow barnyard challenges  
To dawns that once saw savage land.

The axe, the plow, the binding wall,  
By these the wilderness is tamed,  
By these the white man's will is wrought,  
The rivers bridged, the new towns named.

—*Elizabeth Coatsworth*

## EGGS

Bob has blown a hundred eggs,  
Blue and olive, white and gray;  
Warbler, nightingale, and thrush,  
Bob has blown their songs away!

Low in spotless wool they rest,  
Purest blue and clouded white,  
Streaked with cinnamon and red,  
Flecked with purples of the night:

Mute and gleaming, row on row,  
Lie the tombstones of the spring!  
What a chorus would there be,  
If those eggs began to sing!

—*Herbert Asquith*

## INQUISITIVE BARN

The white-housed village  
In a feather bed  
Sleeps with snow  
About its head.

The only thing  
In all this white  
That keeps its lifting  
Glow in sight

Is our old barn  
That, loving fun,  
Pokes its red head  
Into the sun.

—*Frances Frost*

## A LITTLE PIG ASLEEP

Behind Devaney's barn I saw  
A little pig asleep.  
His eyes were squiggened up so tight,  
I'm sure he couldn't peep.

I crept right up beside him  
And peeked 'way down his ear.  
I'll bet he never even dreamed  
A little boy was near.

His skin was full of bristles  
From his forehead to his toes.  
He had shellac on all his feet  
And rubber on his nose.

—*Leroy F. Jackson*

## FARM CART

The cart that carries hay,  
The cart that carries corn,  
Will carry you to church, my lass,  
To-morrow in the morn.

There's sheep and little lambs  
Has travelled in the cart,  
And pigs has been its passengers  
To and fro the mart.

Cordwood and oaken logs  
It's carted from the wood  
When woodman's axe have done its job  
And felled the tree that stood.

Time my dad moved house  
The cart have carried stools,  
Tables, chairs, and kitchen things,  
And beds, and garden tools.

Many and many a load  
Have been the old cart's due,  
But never have it borne, my lass,  
So sweet a load as you.

—*Eleanor Farjeon*

## JACK SPRAT'S PIG

Jack Sprat's pig,  
He was not very little,  
Nor yet very big;  
He was not very lean,  
He was not very fat;  
He'll do well for a grunt,  
Says little Jack Sprat.

—*Mother Goose*

## RAKING WALNUTS IN THE RAIN

Mexican Jo and Mexican Jane  
Rake down walnuts in the rain,  
Rake them down when the jackets split—  
Walnut jackets never fit!

Walnut jackets on the ground,  
Perfectly green and perfectly round,  
Walnuts in their under-shells  
Clang together like distant bells.

Jo wears gingham for a coat,  
Jane wears silk about her throat.  
*Flippity flop*, her red skirt goes,  
Through the dripping walnut rows.

Mexican Jo and Mexican Jane  
Rake down walnuts in the rain,  
Water running down their backs—  
Steaming rakes and picking sacks!  
—*Monica Shannon*

## THE QUEST

Over crimson clover-seas  
Let's go questing with the bees!  
We shall find, where shores are sunny,  
Such a golden store of honey!  
—*Clinton Scollard*



BLOW, WIND, BLOW! AND GO, MILL, GO

Blow, wind, blow! And go, mill, go!  
That the miller may grind his corn;  
That the baker may take it,  
And into rolls make it,  
And send us some hot in the morn.

—*Mother Goose*

### AUTUMN FIELDS

He said his legs were stiff and sore  
For he had gone some twenty-eight miles,  
And he'd walked through by water gaps  
And fences and gates and stiles.

He said he'd been by Logan's woods,  
And up by Walton's branch and Simms,  
And there were sticktights on his clothes  
And little dusts of seeds and stems.

And then he sat down on the steps,  
And he said the miles were on his feet.  
For some of that land was tangled brush,  
And some was plowed for wheat.

The rabbits were thick where he had been,  
And he said he'd found some ripe papaws.  
He'd rested under a white oak tree,  
And for his dinner he ate red haws.

Then I sat by him on the step  
To see the things that he had seen.  
And I could smell the shocks and clods,  
And the land where he had been.

—*Elizabeth Madox Roberts*

## THE HARVEST ELVES

The harvesters—they say themselves—  
Are haunted by the harvest elves.

These elves—they say—as small as dolls  
Have poppies for their parasols.

And when you hear the swish of stalks  
It's elves a-sweeping their green walks.

And so when next a field you cross  
And see the wheat-ears roll and toss,

Go quietly, and if you peep  
Maybe you'll find an elf asleep

Inside a little hammock-bed,  
Just as the harvesters have said.

—*Wilfrid Thorley*

## THE RUNAWAY

Where did the little boy go, you say,  
Down through the garden gate?  
He ran that way at half-past four,  
And you ponder upon his fate?

The phlox will make a friend of him,  
The rose, a captain tall,  
And he will rout the wind that makes  
Their crimson petals fall.  
The larkspur will cry out to him,  
"Bravo!" through merry hours,  
Oh, do not weep for any lad  
Lost among the flowers!

You saw him sprinting down the lane  
Alone at half-past four—  
And now 'tis six or thereabouts,  
No tidings at your door?

The butterflies will care for him,  
The Shasta daisies keep  
Him safe within their silver fold;  
Nasturtium vines that creep  
About the garden path will turn  
Him home ere darkness showers.  
Oh, do not weep for any lad  
Lost among the flowers!

—*Daniel Whitehead Hicky*

## THE DANDELION

O dandelion, rich and haughty,  
King of village flowers!  
Each day is coronation time,  
You have no humble hours.  
I like to see you bring a troop  
To beat the blue-grass spears,  
To scorn the lawn-mower that would be  
Like fate's triumphant spears,  
Your yellow heads are cut away,  
It seems your reign is o'er.  
By noon you raise a sea of stars  
More golden than before.

—*Vachel Lindsay*

## GROWING IN THE VALE

Growing in the vale  
By the uplands hilly,  
Growing straight and frail,  
Lady Daffadowndilly.

In a golden crown,  
And a scant green gown  
While the spring blows chilly,  
Lady Daffadown,  
Sweet Daffadowndilly.

—*Christina G. Rossetti*

## THE FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

"A four-leaf clover!" cried the Worm,  
"The nicest place to sit and squirm!"

"A four-leaf clover!" croaked the Frog,  
And nudged his little Pollywog.

"A four-leaf clover!" piped the Linnet,  
"I'll make a nest and put this in it."

"A four-leaf clover!" said an Elf,  
"Well, I can bring good luck myself;

"I know a lad who'd be a sailor,  
I'll take him to an arctic whaler."

And now that lad is spearing whales,  
Because he believed in fairy tales.

—*Monica Shannon*

## QUEEN ANNE'S LACE

Queen Anne, Queen Anne, has washed her lace  
(She chose a summer's day)  
And hung it in a grassy place  
To whiten, if it may.

Queen Anne, Queen Anne, has left it there,  
And slept the dewy night;  
Then waked, to find the sunshine fair,  
And all the meadows white.

Queen Anne, Queen Anne, is dead and gone  
(She died a summer's day),  
But left her lace to whiten on  
Each weed-entangled way!

—*Mary Leslie Newton*

## FRINGED GENTIANS

Near where I live there is a lake  
As blue as blue can be; winds make  
It dance as they go blowing by.  
I think it curtseys to the sky.

It's just a lake of lovely flowers,  
And my Mamma says they are ours;  
But they are not like those we grow  
To be our very own, you know.

We have a splendid garden, there  
Are lots of flowers everywhere;  
Roses, and pinks, and four o'clocks,  
And hollyhocks, and evening stocks.

Mamma lets us pick them, but never  
Must we pick any gentians—ever!  
For if we carried them away  
They'd die of homesickness that day.

—*Amy Lowell*

## A COMPARISON

Apple blossoms look like snow,  
They're different, though.  
Snow falls softly, but it brings  
Noisy things:  
Sleighs and bells, forts and fights,  
Cosy nights.

But apple blossoms when they go,  
White and slow,  
Quiet all the orchard space,  
Till the place  
Hushed with falling sweetness seems  
Filled with dreams.

—*John Farrar*

## THE WILLOW CATS

They call them pussy willows,  
But there's no cat to see,  
Except the little furry toes  
That stick out on the tree.

I think that very long ago  
When I was just born new,  
There must have been whole pussy cats  
Where just the toes stick through.

And every spring it worries me,  
I cannot ever find  
Those willow cats that ran away  
And left their toes behind!

—*Margaret Widdemer*

## A LITTLE SONG OF LIFE

Glad that I live am I;  
That the sky is blue;  
Glad for the country lanes,  
And the fall of dew.

After the sun the rain;  
After the rain the sun;  
This is the way of life,  
Till the work be done.

All that we need to do,  
Be we low or high,  
Is to see that we grow  
Nearer the sky.

—*Lizette Woodworth Reese*



# THIS IS THE WONDROUS CITY



This is the wondrous city,  
Where worlds and nations meet;  
Say not romance is napping;  
Behold the city street.

—*Morris Abel Beer*



## GOOD GREEN BUS

Rumbling and rattly good green Bus  
Where are you going to carry us?  
Up the shiny lengths of Avenue  
Where lights keep company two by two;  
Where windows glitter with things to buy,  
And churches hold their steeples high.  
Round the Circle and past the Park,  
Still and shadowy, dim and dark,  
Over the asphalt and into the Drive—  
Isn't it fun to be alive?  
Look to the left and the River's there  
With ships and whistles and freshened air;  
To the right—more windows, row on row,  
And every one like a picture show,  
Or little stages where people play  
At being themselves by night and day,  
And never guess that they have us  
For audience in the good green Bus!

—*Rachel Field*

## MRS. BARKS

On market days we always call  
At Mrs. Barks's country stall.  
Her bonnet is of white and blue,  
She wears a coloured apron, too.  
And she has baskets full of eggs  
And fowls with neatly done up legs,  
And butter too, and crinkly cheese  
And sometimes plums or raspberries,  
And gillyflowers in kitchen pots,  
And bunches of forget-me-nots;  
She also has a box of tin  
For putting all her money in.  
She has a very smiling face  
And always stands there in her place  
However wet the day may be  
And says, "Good-morning, love," to me.

—*Rose Fyleman*

## PUSHCART ROW

In rain or shine; in heat or snow;  
The pushcarts stretch in a long green row,  
Close to the curb as they can crowd,  
With men all shouting their wares aloud.  
If you have need of a lettuce head,  
Or a bunch of radishes shiny red,  
Of onions, carrots, or cauliflower,  
Oranges sweet or lemons sour,  
Polished apples or dripping greens,  
Fat little mushrooms, thin string beans.  
Of fruits and berries plump and round,  
By the basket, by the pound—  
Bring out your purse and take your pick  
Where the two-wheeled pushcarts cluster thick;  
Where dogs and children play about  
Wheels and pavement and gutter-spout;  
Where the women wear shawls and earrings gold,  
And the men are mostly brown and old  
With selling their wares in shine or snow  
On the cobblestones of Pushcart Row.

—*Rachel Field*

## WHO'LL BUY MY VALLEY LILIES?

### STREET CHILD'S SONG

Who'll buy my valley lilies?  
Who'll buy my scented gillies?  
All for a little money!  
Who'll buy my daffydillies?

Who'll buy my blushing roses  
For to delight their noses?  
All for a little money!  
Who'll buy my scented posies?

They who buy rings and laces  
For their fair hands and faces,  
All for a lot of money,  
Yet will not buy such graces.

Who'll buy my valley lilies?  
Who'll buy my scented gillies?  
All for a little money?  
Who'll buy my daffydillies?

—*Eleanor Farjeon*

### FOOD

When I go walking down the street  
There's lots of things I like to eat,  
Like pretzels from the pretzel man  
And buttered popcorn in a can,  
And chocolate peppermints to lick  
And candy apples on a stick.

Oh, there are many things to chew  
While walking down the avenue.

—*Marchette Chute*

## THE GROCER AND THE GOLD-FISH

I'd asked the grocer  
For Cheddar cheese,  
But cried out "O Sir,  
How much for *these?*"  
For on his counter,  
As large as life,  
Were a big gold-fish  
And his golden wife.  
Wasn't it ripping!  
Among the bins  
To find them flipping  
Their tails and fins?  
Safe in their bowl  
With food all round,  
Packet on packet,  
And pound on pound!  
Said Mr. Melling,  
"Ev'n to *you*, Sir,  
I'm not selling  
Sam nor Sue, Sir.  
There they floats  
And feeds and kisses,  
Gold-fish Sam  
And Sue his Mrs."  
"I'm sorry, Sonny."  
(And so was I)  
"But no-one's money  
Them fish won't buy."  
So I lost my wish,  
For what is deader,  
Compared with fish,  
Than a pound of Cheddar?  
—Wilfrid Thorley

## THE POPCORN-POPPER

The popcorn man  
At the park  
Has a popping machine  
Inside his cart.

He puts in d.y, yellow brown,  
Hard bits of corn  
And soon—  
Afaff afaff affaff—  
The corn begins to laugh  
And dance  
And hop  
And pop, and pop, and pop.

And then—  
I stand  
And hold  
The bag in my hand,  
And the man  
Pours it full  
Of puffy, fluffy, flaky,  
Soft white  
Popcorn.

—*Dorothy Walter Baruch*



## THE CITY AND THE TRUCKS

The city sleeps in its unconcern, but the highways are awake  
With searching flashes and grinding gears and the hiss of air in  
a brake;

When darkness comes, like a roll of drums three million engines  
roar

Under throbbing hoods, and the nation's goods are out on the  
roads once more.

The city wakens to meet old needs and perhaps some new desires,  
And finds the answer to all it asks brought in on the rubber tires:  
There is coal and milk, there is rope and silk, there is shelter and  
food and dress

That lumbered in when the dawn was thin on the night highway  
express.

The city moves in its ordered round and never asks or knows  
How drivers inch through the murky night as the fog-bank comes  
and goes,

How they breast the beat of the blinding sleet and shift for the  
slippery climb,

How they stop a fire, or tinker a tire—and pull into town on time!

The city takes, and it goes its way, and the great dark hulks re-load,  
While mechanics grease, and test, and check, to make them safe  
for the road;

Then the crates are stacked and the boxes packed and the padding placed—and then

The tail-boards slam, and the trailers ram—and the great trucks  
roll again!

—Dorothy Brown Thompson

## THE UPS AND DOWNS OF THE ELEVATOR CAR

“There is spring in the air,” sighed the elevator car.  
Said the elevator man, “You are well-off where you are.”  
The car paid no attention but it frowned an ugly frown  
when

Down flashed the signal, but up went the car.  
The elevator man cried, "You are going much too far!"  
Said the elevator car, "I'm doing no such thing.  
I'm through with buzzers buzzing. I'm looking for the spring!"

On went the car past the penthouse door.  
On went the car up one flight more.  
On went the elevator till it came to the top.  
On went the elevator, and it would not stop!

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Now on a summer evening when you see a shooting star  
Fly through the air, perhaps it is—that elevator car!

—*Caroline D. Emerson*

## HUMP, THE ESCALATOR

Hump, the Escalator, slid  
Out of the basement—yes, he did!  
Out of the basement unawares,  
Flattened a moment, then made a stairs;  
Made a stairs that moved and crawled  
Up through a runway, narrow-walled.

Here I stood on the floor below,  
Then on a stair-step rising slow.  
Over the heads of the shoppers then—  
Dressed-up ladies and bothered men;

Over the aisles of hats and hose—  
Over the shelf-displays I rose!  
Suddenly stood on the second floor,  
Not on a stairway any more.

Every rider ahead of me  
Took it stiffly and solemnly.  
Nobody paid a penny's fare—  
Or knew they had ridden a Magic Stair!

—*Dorothy Faubion*

## IT IS RAINING<sup>1</sup>

It is raining.

Where would you like to be in the rain?  
Where would you like to be?

I'd like to be on a city street,  
where the rain comes down in a driving sheet,  
where it wets the houses—roof and wall—  
the wagons and horses and autos and all.  
That's where I'd like to be in the rain,  
that's where I'd like to be.

—*Lucy Sprague Mitchell*

## THE PARK

I'm glad that I  
Live near a park

For in the winter  
After dark

The park lights shine  
As bright and still

As dandelions  
On a hill.  
—*James S. Tippet*

## DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY

Daffy-down-dilly has come up to town,  
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.  
—*Mother Goose*

<sup>1</sup> Taken from *Another Here and Now Story Book*, edited by Lucy Sprague Mitchell, published and copyright, 1937, by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York.

## THE BELLS OF LONDON

*Gay go up and gay go down  
To ring the bells of London town.*

Bull's-eyes and targets,  
Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's.

Brick-bats and tiles,  
Chime the bells of St. Giles'.

Halfpence and farthings,  
Ring the bells of St. Martin's.

Oranges and lemons,  
Toll the bells of St. Clement's.

Pancakes and fritters,  
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,  
Say the bells of Whitechapel.

Old Father Baldpate,  
Toll the slow bells of Aldgate.

Pokers and tongs,  
Say the bells at St. John's.

Kettles and pans,  
Say the bells at St. Ann's.

You owe me ten shillings,  
Say the bells of St. Helen's.

When will you pay me?  
Say the bells of Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,  
Chime the bells of Shoreditch.

Pray when will that be?  
Ask the bells of Stepney.

I'm sure I don't know,  
Tolls the great bell at Bow.

*Gay go up and gay go down  
To ring the bells of London town.*  
—*Author Unknown*

### PARLIAMENT HILL

Have you seen the lights of London how they twinkle, twinkle,  
twinkle,

Yellow lights, and silver lights, and crimson lights, and blue?  
And there among the other lights is Daddy's little lantern-light,  
Bending like a finger-tip, and beckoning to you.

Never was so tall a hill for tiny feet to scramble up,  
Never was so strange a world to baffle little eyes,  
Half of it as black as ink with ghostly feet to fall on it,  
And half of it all filled with lamps and cheerful sounds and cries.

Lamps in golden palaces, and station-lamps, and steamer-lamps,  
Very nearly all the lamps that Mother ever knew,  
And there among the other lamps is Daddy's little lantern-lamp  
Bending like a finger-tip, and beckoning to you.

—*H. H. Bashford*

# WHERE THE RED FOX HIDES



Where the red fox hides,  
Why the nightingale sings. . .  
Dark Danny knows all  
These lovely things.

—Ivy O. Eastwick





## DARK DANNY

Dark Danny has eyes  
As black as the sloe,  
And his freckles tell  
Where the sunbeams go!

Dark Danny has hair  
Like a raven's wing,  
And his voice is gay  
As the thrush in Spring.

Dark Danny will show  
You the first wild rose;  
Where the earliest violet  
Blooms—he knows!

Where the red fox hides,  
Why the nightingale sings. . . .  
Dark Danny knows all  
These lovely things.

—*Ivy O. Eastwick*

## CIRCUS ELEPHANT

Does the Elephant remember,  
In the gray light before dawn,  
Old noises of the jungle  
In mornings long gone?

Does the Elephant remember  
The cry of hungry beasts;  
The Tiger and the Leopard,  
The Lion at his feasts?

Do his mighty eardrums listen  
For the thunder of the feet  
Of the Buffalo and Zebra  
In the dark and dreadful heat?

Does His Majesty remember,  
Does he stir himself and dream  
Of the long-forgotten music  
Of a long-forgotten stream?

—*Kathryn Worth*

## THE SPRING

A little mountain spring I found  
That fell into a pool;  
I made my hands into a cup  
And caught the sparkling water up—  
It tasted fresh and cool.

A solemn little frog I spied  
Upon the rocky brim;  
He looked so boldly in my face,  
I'm certain that he thought the place  
Belonged by rights to him.

—*Rose Fyleman*

## RAMBUNCTIOUS BROOK

You should hear  
our brook in Spring!  
It is a noisy  
tumbling thing.  
It sneaks through thickets,  
jumping out  
to scare a beaver  
with a shout!  
It swoops round rocks  
and laughs and pushes  
the small green frogs  
among its rushes,  
who swell their silver  
throats to song  
and serenade it  
all night long!

—*Frances Frost*

## MICKLEHAM WAY<sup>1</sup>

A poor old woman,  
Four score and a day,  
She went a'walking  
Mickleham way,  
Basket on arm, and  
Old gnarled stick in  
Her old gnarled hand,  
For blackberry pickin'.

But the woods were bare  
Beyond the fen,  
For the Mickleham women  
And Mickleham men  
And Mickleham children  
Grave and gay,  
Had gathered the blackberries  
Mickleham way.

"Now woe is me,"  
The old woman said,  
"Better for me  
If I were dead.  
Seven long miles  
Have I come, and now  
There isn't a blackberry  
Left, I vow!"

The dark, dry Bracken—  
It heard! It heard!  
The wild pink Foxgloves  
With sorrow stirred!  
They told the Wind

<sup>1</sup> Taken from *Fairies and Suchlike*, by Ivy O. Eastwick, published and copyright, 1946, by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York.

How matters stood—  
Not a single blackberry  
In the wood.

The Wind came down  
To the Ancient Hills,  
To the Little People  
With Mighty Wills,  
And told of the woman  
Four score and a day  
Who was sitting, weeping  
Mickleham way.

And the Little People  
With Mighty Wills  
Left their homes  
In the Ancient Hills;  
They chanted a tune  
That was old as earth  
And held magic and pity  
And tears and mirth.

The old, old woman,  
She heard the sound,  
Then saw the bushes  
Bow down to the ground  
And stay there, laden  
At her feet  
With blackberries large  
And ripe and sweet.

—*Ivy O. Eastwick*

## INDIAN PIPE AND MOCCASIN FLOWER

Indian pipe and moccasin flower  
Grow where the woodland waves,  
Grow in the moss and the bracken bower  
Trode by the light-foot braves  
Who played their part, who lived their hour  
And left, with a name that thrills,  
Indian pipe and moccasin flower  
Scattered among our hills.

—*Arthur Guiterman*

## LAUGHING SONG

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,  
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;  
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,  
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,  
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,  
When Mary and Susan and Emily  
With their sweet round mouths sing “Ha, Ha, He!”

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,  
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread,  
Come live and be merry, and join with me,  
To sing the sweet chorus of “Ha, Ha, He!”

—*William Blake*

## THE WEST WIND'S SECRET

Do you see that willow standing  
by the river there,  
Bending down its branches to the green waves  
below?

Do you think it's just a willow?  
Oh, it never is a willow!  
I know it's not a willow—  
For the West Wind told me so.

Will you promise not to tell it  
if I whisper in your ear?  
For the West Wind surely wouldn't want  
just anyone to hear—

It's a princess, gently shaking  
out her golden hair,  
Looking at her image in the green waves below.

It's a fair, enchanted princess,  
It's a lovely, lonely princess!  
Oh, I know it is a princess—  
For the West Wind told me so.

—*Mary Jane Carr*

## MIDSUMMER MAGIC<sup>1</sup>

Midsummer Eve, a year ago, my mother she commanded,  
"Now don't you go a'running down to Ragwort Meadow!  
And don't you go a'plucking of the bracken-seed or nightshade;  
Stay out of the moonlight, mind! and keep out of the shadow,  
For they say that the Ragtag,

Bobtail,  
Merry-derry  
Fairy-men

Tonight will go a'dancing down in Ragwort Meadow!"

Midsummer Eve, a year ago, my mother she commanded,  
"Now don't you go a'playing down in Ragwort Meadow!  
Keep away from thorn-tree, from adders' tongue and henbane!  
Keep away from moonlight and don't venture in the shadow,

For they say that the Ragtag,  
Bobtail,  
Merry-derry  
Fairy-men

Are out a'snaring mortals down in Ragwort Meadow."

I wouldn't heed my mother's words! I wouldn't heed her warning!  
I ran through the moonlight, through the starlight and the shadow!  
And I never stopped a'running though my breath came quick and  
gasping,

Till I reached the very middle of Ragwort Meadow,

And there I heard the Ragtag,  
Bobtail,  
Merry-derry  
Fairy-men

A'laughing fit to kill themselves in Ragwort Meadow.

<sup>1</sup> Taken from *Fairies and Suchlike*, by Ivy O. Eastwick, published and copyright, 1946, by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York.



I heard 'em! But I couldn't see, no! not a little sight of 'em!  
I pulled a curly bracken-leaf a'growing in the meadow,  
I scratched out all the bracken-seeds and rubbed them on my  
eyelids—

The moon gave brilliant sunlight! There wasn't any shadow!  
And there I saw the Ragtag,  
Bobtail,  
Merry-derry  
Fairy-men

A'dancing round me in a ring in Ragwort Meadow.

Half-a-hundred fairy-men and half-a-score of rabbits;  
Half-a-dozen squirrels down in Ragwort Meadow,  
Dancing round me in a ring—you never saw the like of it!—  
Underneath the daylight which the bright moon shed! Oh!

A blessing on the Ragtag,  
Bobtail,  
Merry-derry  
Fairy-men

Who showed themselves to me down in Ragwort Meadow.

—*Ivy O. Eastwick*

## BLESSED OF THE LORD BE HIS LAND

Blessed of the Lord be his land,  
For the precious things of heaven, for the dew,  
And for the deep that coucheth beneath,  
And for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun,  
And for the precious things put forth by the moon,  
And for the chief things of the ancient mountains,  
And for the precious things of the lasting hills,  
And for the precious things of the earth and fullness thereof,  
And for the good will of him that dwelt in the bush.

—*The Bible*

## PIPPA'S SONG

The year's at the spring  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hill-side's dew-pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in his heaven—  
All's right with the world.

—*Robert Browning*

# DEEP IN THE SKY



The sky is full of star-dust,  
It will be brighter soon;  
An angel with a little cloud  
Is dusting off the moon.

—*Abbie Farwell Brown*



## WHEN A RING'S AROUND THE MOON

The wee folk will be tripping,  
    In their silver dancing shoon,  
Ring-around-the-meadow,  
    When a ring's around the moon:

Curtsy to the right and left,  
    And curtsy to the middle—  
The fiddler will be fiddling  
    On his tiny fairy fiddle;

In and out and round about,  
    A magic circle making;  
The pipers will be piping  
    Till their tiny throats are aching.

Oh, few may watch the wee ones dance,  
    For fairy guards are spying,  
And down beneath the grasses  
    All the dancers will be hieing;

But hearken well, what time you see  
    A ring around the moon;  
And you will hear the music  
    Of the wee folks' dancing tune.

—*Mary Jane Carr*

## MOCKERY

Happened that the moon was up before I went to bed,  
Poking through the bramble trees her round gold head.

I didn't stop for stocking,  
I didn't stop for shoe,  
But went running out to meet her—oh, the night was blue!

Barefoot down the hill road, dust beneath my toes;  
Barefoot in the pasture smelling sweet of fern and rose!

Oh, night was running with me,  
Tame folk were all in bed—  
And the moon was just showing her wild gold head.

But before I reached the hilltop where the bramble trees are tall,  
I looked to see my lady moon—she wasn't there at all!—

Not sitting on the hilltop,  
Nor slipping through the air,  
Nor hanging in the branches by her bright gold hair!

I walked slowly down the pasture and slowly up the hill,  
Wondering and wondering, and very, very still.

I wouldn't look behind me,  
I went at once to bed—  
And poking through the window was her bold gold head!

—*Katherine Dixon Riggs*

## MOONBEAM

Moonbeam steps down the silken ladder  
Woven by Mrs. Spider  
To ask her to spin him a net  
To catch the stars.

—*Hilda Conkling*

## THE MOON'S THE NORTH WIND'S COOKY

WHAT THE LITTLE GIRL SAID

The Moon's the North Wind's cooky.  
He bites it, day by day,  
Until there's but a rim of scraps  
That crumble all away.

The South Wind is a baker.  
He kneads clouds in his den,  
And bakes a crisp new moon *that . . . greedy*  
*North . . . Wind . . . eats . . . again!*

—*Vachel Lindsay*

## SILVER

Slowly, silently, now the moon  
Walks the night in her silver shoon;  
This way, and that, she peers, and sees  
Silver fruit upon silver trees;  
One by one the casements catch  
Her beams beneath the silver thatch;  
Couched in his kennel, like a log,  
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;  
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep  
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;  
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,  
With silver claws, and silver eye;  
And moveless fish in the water gleam,  
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

—*Walter de la Mare*

## FULL MOON: SANTA BARBARA

I listened, there was not a sound to hear  
In the great rain of moonlight pouring down,  
The eucalyptus trees were carved in silver,  
And a light mist of silver lulled the town.

I saw far off the grey Pacific bearing  
A broad white disk of flame,  
And on the garden-walk a snail beside me  
Tracing in crystal the slow way he came.

—*Sara Teasdale*



## NIGHT

Stars over snow,  
And in the west a planet  
Swinging below a star—  
Look for a lovely thing and you will find it,  
It is not far—  
It never will be far.

—*Sara Teasdale*

## STARS<sup>1</sup>

Bright stars, light stars  
Shining-in-the-night stars,  
Little twinkly, winkly stars,  
Deep in the sky.

Yellow stars, red stars,  
Shine-when-I'm-in-bed stars,  
Oh how many blinky stars,  
Far, far away!

—*Rhoda W. Bacmeister*

## THE FALLING STAR

I saw a star slide down the sky,  
Blinding the north as it went by,  
Too burning and too quick to hold,  
Too lovely to be bought or sold,  
Good only to make wishes on  
And then forever to be gone.

—*Sara Teasdale*

<sup>1</sup> Taken from *Stories to Begin On*, by Rhoda W. Bacmeister, published and copyright, 1940, by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York.

## A CARAVAN FROM CHINA COMES

A caravan from China comes;  
For miles it sweetens all the air  
With fragrant silks and dreaming gums,  
Attar and myrrh—  
A caravan from China comes.

O merchant, tell me what you bring,  
With music sweet of camel bells;  
How long have you been travelling  
With these sweet smells?  
O merchant, tell me what you bring.

A lovely lady is my freight,  
A lock escaped of her long hair,—  
That is this perfume delicate  
That fills the air—  
A lovely lady is my freight.

Her face is from another land,  
I think she is no mortal maid,—  
Her beauty, like some ghostly hand,  
Makes me afraid;  
Her face is from another land.

The little moon my cargo is,  
About her neck the Pleiades  
Clasp hands and sing: Hafiz, 'tis this  
Perfumes the breeze—  
The little moon my cargo is.

—*Richard Le Gallienne*

## ESCAPE AT BEDTIME

The lights from the parlour and kitchen shone out  
Through the blinds and the windows and bars;  
And high overhead and all moving about,  
There were thousands of millions of stars.  
There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a tree,  
Nor of people in church or the Park,  
As the crowds of the stars that looked down upon me,  
And that glittered and winked in the dark.  
The Dog, and the Plough, and the Hunter, and all,  
And the Star of the Sailor, and Mars,  
These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall  
Would be half full of water and stars.  
They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries,  
And they soon had me packed into bed;  
But the glory kept shining and bright in my eyes,  
And the stars going round in my head.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson*

## DARKNESS

The night is like an old cat  
out to hunt and kill;  
stealthy, black, greedy, fat,  
he slinks along the hill.  
The moon his eye, the stars his teeth,  
with long tail curled,  
he swallows city, farm and heath,  
his meal the whole world.

—*Peggy Bacon*

## CLOUDS

White sheep, white sheep,  
On a blue hill,  
When the wind stops  
You all stand still  
When the wind blows  
You walk away slow.  
White sheep, white sheep,  
Where do you go?

—*Christina G. Rossetti*

## BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

Boats sail on the rivers,  
And ships sail on the seas;  
But clouds that sail across the sky  
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,  
As pretty as you please;  
But the bow that bridges heaven,  
And overtops the trees,  
And builds a road from earth to sky,  
Is prettier far than these.

—*Christina G. Rossetti*

## I'LL TELL YOU HOW THE SUN ROSE

I'll tell you how the sun rose,—  
A ribbon at a time.  
The steeples swam in amethyst,  
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,  
The bobolinks begun.  
Then I said softly to myself,  
"That must have been the sun!"

\* \* \*

But how he set, I know not.  
There seemed a purple stile  
Which little yellow boys and girls  
Were climbing all the while,  
Till when they reached the other side,  
A dominie in gray  
Put gently up the evening bars,  
And led the flock away.

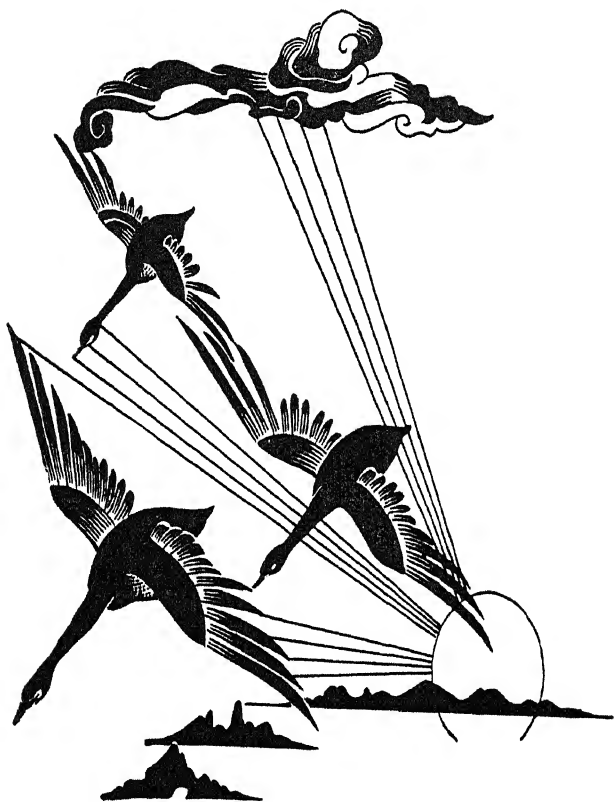
—*Emily Dickinson*

## SKYWRITING

No feathered bird can weave  
Pattern more perfect, pure,  
Nor smoldering comet leave  
A lovelier signature  
Than they who in the sun  
The vandal winds defy  
And posters paste upon  
The billboards of the sky.

—*Mary Maxtone*

# HAPPY BE THE WEATHER



Something told the wild geese  
It was time to fly,—  
Summer sun was on their wings,  
Winter in their cry.

—*Rachel Field*





## SOMETHING TOLD THE WILD GEESE

Something told the wild geese  
It was time to go.  
Though the fields lay golden  
Something whispered,—“Snow.”  
Leaves were green and stirring,  
Berries, luster-glossed,  
But beneath warm feathers  
Something cautioned,—“Frost.”  
All the sagging orchards  
Steamed with amber spice,  
But each wild breast stiffened  
At remembered ice.  
Something told the wild geese  
It was time to fly,—  
Summer sun was on their wings,  
Winter in their cry.

—*Rachel Field*

## WINDS A-BLOWING

The North Wind is a beggar  
Who shudders at the cold.  
The South Wind is a sailor  
With pockets full of gold.  
The East Wind is a gypsy  
With saucy cap and feather.  
The West Wind is a wizard  
Who conjures wicked weather.

The Winter Wind's a giant  
As grumpy as a bear.  
The Summer Wind's a lady  
With flowers in her hair.  
The Autumn Wind's an old man  
As touchy as a thistle.  
The Spring Wind is a gay lad  
Who blows a silver whistle.

—*May Justus*

## WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

Who has seen the wind?  
Neither I nor you:  
But when the leaves hang trembling  
The wind is passing thro'.

Who has seen the wind?  
Neither you nor I:  
But when the trees bow down their heads  
The wind is passing by.

—*Christina G. Rossetti*

## THE WIND

Who but the wind  
Can follow his will:  
To dream by the sea,  
Or dance on a hill,  
And master men's ships  
As they cleave a green path?  
Oh, the white waves thicken  
At the smart of his wrath!  
Who? oooh  
The wind.

Who but the wind  
Can leap over a steeple,  
Or laughingly scatter  
The hats of the people?  
Or pass without footprint,  
Or come without knock,  
And herd the stray clouds  
As a shepherd, his flock?  
Who? oooh  
The wind.

—Betty Miller

## WHO LOVES THE RAIN

Who loves the rain,  
And loves his home,  
And looks on life with quiet eyes,  
Him will I follow through the storm;  
And at his hearth-fire keep me warm;  
Nor hell nor heaven shall that soul surprise,  
Who loves the rain,  
And loves his home,  
And looks on life with quiet eyes.

—*Frances Shaw*

## APPLE SEASON

Come up in the orchard with grass to your knees,  
for we're going shaking the apple trees!  
The boughs are laden, bent low to the ground,  
and the apples thud with a gentle sound.  
Bright red, dark red, smooth and gold,  
apples are sweet at the edge of cold!

Come up in the orchard with baskets now,  
for we're going picking the apple bough!  
Gather the firm bright globes of fire,  
climb to the gnarled bough, climb up higher!  
We're gathering apples with shout and song,  
and we'll taste summer all winter long!

—*Frances Frost*

## PIRATE WIND

The autumn wind's a pirate,  
Blustering in from sea;  
With a rollicking song, he sweeps along,  
Swaggering boist'rously.

His skin is weather-beaten;  
He wears a yellow sash,  
With a handkerchief red about his head,  
And a bristling black mustache.

He laughs as he storms the country,  
A loud laugh and a bold;  
And the trees all quake and shiver and shake,  
As he robs them of their gold.

The autumn wind's a pirate,  
Pillaging just for fun;  
He'll snatch your hat as quick as that,  
And laugh to see you run!

—*Mary Jane Carr*

## AUTUMN FIRES

In the other gardens  
And all up the vale,  
From the autumn bonfires  
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over  
And all the summer flowers,  
The red fire blazes,  
The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!  
Something bright in all!  
Flowers in the summer,  
Fires in the fall!  
—Robert Louis Stevenson

## NUTTING TIME

THUMP—THUD! Who is throwing  
Burrs and chestnuts to the ground?  
Patter, scatter! Who is tossing  
Acorns, walnuts all around?

Come! Come! Bring your baskets,  
Search the ground, no need to climb,  
Strong old North Wind from the branches  
Shakes the nuts; 'tis nutting time!  
—Emilie Poulsson

## THE MIST AND ALL

I like the fall,  
The mist and all.  
I like the night owl's  
Lonely call—  
And wailing sound  
Of wind around.

I like the gray  
November day,  
And bare, dead boughs  
That coldly sway  
Against my pane.  
I like the rain.

I like to sit  
And laugh at it—  
And tend  
My cozy fire a bit.  
I like the fall—  
The mist and all.—

—*Dixie Willson*

## OCTOBER'S PARTY

October gave a party;  
The leaves by hundreds came—  
The Chestnuts, Oaks, and Maples,  
And leaves of every name.  
The Sunshine spread a carpet,  
And everything was grand,  
Miss Weather led the dancing,  
Professor Wind the Band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,  
The Oaks in crimson dressed;  
The lovely Misses Maple  
In scarlet looked their best;  
All balanced to their partners,  
And gaily fluttered by;  
The sight was like a rainbow  
New fallen from the sky.

Then, in the rustic hollow,  
At hide-and-seek they played,  
The party closed at sundown,  
And everybody stayed.  
Professor Wind played louder;  
They flew along the ground;  
And then the party ended  
In jolly "hands around."

—George Cooper



## THRENODY

The red leaves fall upon the lake,  
The brown leaves drift,  
The yellow leaves fly with the wind,  
High and swift.

The autumn nights bring open fires,  
With roasted corn,  
When silver frosted grasses greet  
Early morn.

I fly my kite across the hill,  
The slim string breaks,  
It flashes like a cloud above  
Hills and lakes.

I cannot follow, only stand  
And watch it go,  
Across the far and lonely place  
That airplanes know.

—*John Farrar*

## WHY DOES IT SNOW?

"Why does it snow? Why does it snow?"  
The children come crowding around me to know.  
I said to my nephew, I said to my niece,  
"It's just the old woman a-plucking her geese."

With her riddle cum dinky dido,  
With her riddle cum dinky dee.

The old woman sits on a pillowy cloud,  
She calls to her geese, and they come in a crowd;  
A cackle, a wackle, a hiss and a cluck,  
And then the old woman begins for to pluck.

With her riddle cum dinky dido,  
With her riddle cum dinky dee.

The feathers go fluttering up in the air,  
Until the poor geese are entirely bare;  
A toddle, a waddle, a hiss and a cluck,  
"You may grow some more if you have the good luck!"

With your riddle cum dinky dido,  
With your riddle cum dinky dee.

The feathers go swirling around and around,  
Then whirlicking, twirlicking, sink to the ground;  
The farther they travel, the colder they grow,  
And when they get down here, they've turned into snow.

With their riddle cum dinky dido,  
With their riddle cum dinky dee.

—*Laura E. Richards*

## THE FROST PANE

What's the good of breathing  
On the window  
Pane  
In summer?  
You can't make a frost  
On the window pane  
In summer.  
You can't write a  
Nalphabet  
You can't draw a  
Nelephant;  
You can't make a smudge  
With your nose  
(In summer).

Lots of good, breathing  
On the window  
Pane  
In winter.  
You can make a frost  
On the window pane  
In winter.  
A white frost, a light frost,  
A thick frost, a quick frost,  
A write-me-out-a-picture frost  
Across  
The pane  
In  
Winter.

—*David McCord*

## A DEVONSHIRE RHYME

Walk fast in snow,  
In frost walk slow,  
And still as you go,  
Tread on your toe.  
When frost and snow are both together  
Sit by the fire and spare shoe leather.

—*Author Unknown*

## SLEET STORM

TIC-TIC-TIC!  
The sound of the sleet  
Fell like the beat  
Of tiny feet,  
Racing and chasing down the street:  
The quick sharp beat  
Of a million hoofs  
Clicked and clattered  
Across the roofs.  
The sleet storm fell  
Through a day and a night  
With a tic-tic-tic  
That was fast and light.  
  
On the second morning  
A cold sun shone  
On a glittering, crystal,  
Frigid zone.  
Each bush and branch  
Was icily hung  
With the frozen song  
The sleet had sung.

The branches swayed  
With their icy load  
Where millions of diamonds  
Flashed and glowed.  
Steep roofs shone  
With a blinding glare.  
Fringed with icicles  
Everywhere.

But the tic-tic-tic  
Of the sleet was still,  
Caught on each glistening  
Valley and hill.

—*James S. Tippet*

## THAW

The snow is soft, and how it squashes!  
“Galumph, galumph!” go my galoshes.

—*Eunice Tietjens*

## KITE DAYS

A kite, a sky, and a good firm breeze,  
And acres of ground away from trees,  
And one hundred yards of clean, strong string—  
O boy, O boy! I call that Spring!

—*Mark Sawyer*

## SMELLS

Through all the frozen winter  
My nose has grown most lonely  
For lovely, lovely, colored smells  
That come in springtime only.

The purple smell of lilacs,  
The yellow smell that blows  
Across the air of meadows  
Where bright forsythia grows.

The tall pink smell of peach trees,  
The low white smell of clover,  
And everywhere the great green smell  
Of grass the whole world over.

—*Kathryn Worth*

## RAIN CLOUDS

Along a road  
Not built by man  
There winds a silent  
Caravan  
Of camel-clouds  
Whose humped gray backs  
Are weighted down  
With heavy packs  
Of long-awaited,  
Precious rain  
To make the old earth  
Young again,  
And dress her shabby  
Fields and hills  
In green grass silk  
With wild-flower frills.

—*Elizabeth-Allen Long*

## RAIN MUSIC

On the dusty earth-drum  
Beats the falling rain;  
Now a whispering murmur,  
Now a louder strain.

Slender silvery drumsticks,  
On the ancient drum,  
Beat the mellow music,  
Bidding life to come.

Chords of earth awakened,  
Notes of greening spring,  
Rise and fall triumphant  
Over everything.

Slender silvery drumsticks  
Beats the long tattoo—  
God the Great Musician  
Calling life anew.

—*Joseph S. Cotter, Jr.*



## WHAT COULD BE LOVELIER THAN TO HEAR

What could be lovelier than to hear  
The summer rain  
Cutting across the heat, as scythes  
Cut across grain?  
Falling upon the steaming roof  
With sweet uproar,  
Tapping and rapping wildly  
At the door?

No, do not go to lift the latch,  
But through the pane  
We'll stand and watch the circus pageant  
Of the rain,  
And see the lightning, like a tiger,  
Striped and dread,  
And hear the thunder cross the sky  
With elephant tread.

—*Elizabeth Coatsworth*

## THE SONG ON THE WAY

Any way the old world goes  
Happy be the weather!  
With the red thorn or the rose  
Singin' all together!  
Don't you see that sky o' blue?  
Good Lord painted it for you!  
Reap the daisies in the dew  
Singin' all together!  
Springtime sweet, an' frosty fall,  
Happy be the weather!  
Earth has gardens for us all,  
Goin' on together.  
Sweet the labor in the light,  
To the harvest's gold and white—  
Till the toilers say "Good night,"  
Singin' all together!

—*Author Unknown*

# SHIPS AND SEAS



The sailor sings of ropes and things

In ships upon the seas.

—Robert Louis Stevenson



## THE SEA SHELL

Sea Shell, Sea Shell,  
Sing me a song, O Please!  
A song of ships, and sailormen,  
And parrots, and tropical trees,  
Of islands lost in the Spanish Main  
Which no man ever may find again,  
Of fishes and corals under the waves,  
And seahorses stabled in great green caves.

Sea Shell, Sea Shell,  
Sing of the things you know so well.

—*Amy Lowell*

## SEA SHELLS

Oh, what do the sea shells murmur  
Again and yet again?  
They tell of the little mer-maidens;  
They tell of the little mer-men!

—*Clinton Scollard*

## THE MERMAIDENS

The little white mermaidens live in the sea,  
In a palace of silver and gold;  
And their neat little tails are all covered with scales,  
Most beautiful for to behold.

On wild white horses they ride, they ride,  
And in chairs of pink coral they sit;  
They swim all the night, with a smile of delight,  
And never feel tired a bit.

—*Laura E. Richards*

## O SAILOR, COME ASHORE

O Sailor, come ashore,  
What have you brought for me?  
Red coral, white coral,  
Coral from the sea.

I did not dig it from the ground,  
Nor pluck it from a tree;  
Feeble insects made it  
In the stormy sea.

—*Christina G. Rossetti*

## THIS IS THE HAY THAT NO MAN PLANTED

This is the hay that no man planted,  
This is the ground that was never plowed,  
Watered by tides, cold and brackish,  
Shadowed by fog and the sea-born cloud.

Here comes no sound of bobolink's singing,  
Only the wail of the gull's long cry,  
Where men now reap as they reap their meadows  
Heaping the great gold stacks to dry.

All winter long when deep pile the snowdrifts,  
And cattle stand in the dark all day,  
Many a cow shall taste pale sea-weed  
Twined in the stalks of the wild salt hay.

—*Elizabeth Coatsworth*

## THIS AIR THAT BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA

This air that blows in from the sea  
No one has breathed before  
Save only porpoises as they play  
In waves far out from shore,  
Or whales whose tranquil breathings rise  
In fountains of white spray,  
Or sailors leaning on the rails  
Of ships from far away.

Sea gulls with nostrils of strong bone  
Have tasted this keen breeze,  
And gannets in their billowing flight,  
But nothing less than these—  
Nothing save creatures strong and wild  
As vigorous and free,  
Themselves, as is the wind that blows  
So coldly from the sea.

—*Elizabeth Coatsworth*



## THE FROWNING CLIFF

The sea has a laugh  
And the cliff a frown;  
For the laugh of the sea  
Is wearing him down.

Lipping and lapping,  
Frown as he may,  
The laughing sea  
Will eat him away;

Knees and body,  
And tawny head,  
He'll smile at last  
On a golden bed.

—*Herbert Asquith*

## SEA-WASH

The sea-wash never ends.  
The sea-wash repeats, repeats.  
Only old songs? Is that all the sea knows?  
Only the old strong songs?  
Is that all?

The sea-wash repeats, repeats.

—*Carl Sandburg*

## A SHIP SAILS UP TO BIDEFORD

A ship sails up to Bideford;  
Upon a western breeze  
Mast by mast, sail over sail,  
She rises from the seas,  
And sights the hills of Devon  
And the misty English trees.

She comes from Eastern islands;  
The sun is in her hold;  
She bears the fruit of Jaffa,  
Dates, oranges and gold:

She brings the silk of China,  
And bales of Persian dyes,  
And birds with sparkling feathers,  
And snakes with diamond eyes.

She's gliding in the starlight  
As white as any gull:  
The East is gliding with her  
In shadows of her hull.

A ship sails up to Bideford,  
Upon a western breeze,  
With fruits of Eastern summers  
She rises from the seas,  
And sights the hills of Devon  
And the misty English trees.

—*Herbert Asquith*

## THE WIND HAS SUCH A RAINY SOUND

The wind has such a rainy sound  
Moaning through the town,  
The sea has such a windy sound,—  
Will the ships go down?

The apples in the orchard  
Tumble from their tree.—  
Oh will the ships go down, go down,  
In the windy sea?

—*Christina G. Rossetti*

## SEASCAPE

Off the coast of Ireland  
As our ship passed by  
We saw a line of fishing ships  
Etched against the sky.

Off the coast of England  
As we rode the foam  
We saw an Indian merchantman  
Coming home.

—*Langston Hughes*

## LOST

Desolate and lone  
All night on the lake  
Where fog trails and mist creeps,  
The whistle of a boat  
Calls and cries unendingly,  
Like some lost child  
In tears and trouble  
Hunting the harbor's breast  
And the harbor's eyes.

—*Carl Sandburg*

## FREIGHT BOATS

Boats that carry sugar  
And tobacco from Havana;  
Boats that carry cocoanuts  
And coffee from Brazil;  
Boats that carry cotton  
From the city of Savannah;  
Boats that carry anything  
From any place you will.

Boats like boxes loaded down  
With tons of sand and gravel;  
Boats with blocks of granite  
For a building on the hill;  
Boats that measure many thousand  
Lonesome miles of travel  
As they carry anything  
From any place you will.

—*James S. Tippet*

## THE STORM SNAPPED ITS FINGERS

The storm snapped its fingers—

“Ship, are you afraid?

Now’s the time, my pretty one,

To show how you were made!

“Were your timbers seasoned,

Built of chosen wood?

And your sheathing honest?

And your canvas good?

“Did the men who made you

Build with careful thought?

Dream each line and ponder

When your hull was wrought?”

The storm rent sky and ocean—

“Ship, are you afraid?

Now’s the time, my little bird,

To prove how you were made!”

—*Elizabeth Coatsworth*

## WHITE HORSES

Little white horses are out on the sea,  
Bridled with rainbows and speckled with foam,  
Laden with presents for you and for me;  
Mermaids and fairies are riding them home!  
Gold from the sun;  
Diamonds rare  
Made from dew  
And frosty air;  
Veils of mist,  
Soft and white,  
Rose and silver,  
Shimmering, bright;  
Sweetest perfumes,  
Coloured shells,  
Lilting music,  
Fairy bells:

Fairies and mermaids are bringing them home  
On Little White Horses all speckled with foam.

—*Winifred Howard*

## WHO PILOTS SHIPS

Who pilots ships knows all a heart can know  
Of beauty, and his eyes may close in death  
And be content. There is no wind to blow  
Whiter than foam-white wind and no wind's breath  
Sweeter than tropic wind. There is no star  
That throbs with cold white fire as North stars do,  
No golden moon-path lovelier than the far  
Path burning on the sea when dusk is blue.  
There is no rain so swift as rain that flies  
In bright battalions with a storm begun,  
No song that shakes the heart like amber cries  
Of gulls with wing turned yellow in the sun.  
Who pilots ships, when life's last heartbeats stop,  
Has drained the cup of beauty drop by drop.

—*Daniel Whitehead Hicky*



# JOLLY DAYS



Jolly days, holidays

Have come round again.

—Ivy O. Eastwick

Taken from *Fairies and Suchlike*, by Ivy O. Eastwick, published and copyright, 1946, by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York.



## THE NEW YEAR

Who comes dancing over the snow,  
His soft little feet all bare and rosy?  
Open the door though the wild winds blow,  
Take the child in and make him cozy.  
Take him in and hold him dear,  
He is the wonderful glad New Year.

—*Dinah M. Mulock Craik*

## I'LL WEAR A SHAMROCK

St. Patrick's day is with us,  
The day when all that's seen  
To right and left and everywhere  
Is green, green, green!

And Irish tunes they whistle  
And Irish songs they sing,  
To-day each Irish lad walks out  
As proud as any king.

I'll wear a four-leaf shamrock  
In my coat, the glad day through,  
For my father and mother are Irish  
And I am Irish, too!

—*Mary Carolyn Davies*

## EASTER IN THE WOODS

This dawn when the mountain-cherry lifts  
its frail white bloom among dark pines,  
and chipmunks flash small happy paws  
along old tumbled boundary lines,  
this golden morning when the vixen  
nuzzles her five young foxes forth  
to roll in ferns in the Easter sun,—  
again the woods know soft green birth.

Snuffed by a puffball infant rabbit  
are yellow violets by the spring;  
among half-opened apple buds  
a wood thrush tilts his head to sing.  
Risen is He! And they are His,  
who scamper under warm blue skies,  
who nibble little fists of grass,  
and gaze on earth with shy glad eyes.

—*Frances Frost*

## EASTER PARADE

My button gloves are very white,  
My parasol is new,  
My braids are braided nice and tight,  
And there are very few  
Of all the people that I see  
Who are as beautiful as me.

—*Marchette Chute*

## CHOICE

If I had just one penny  
On the Fourth of July,  
Oh, what a problem it would be  
To think what I should buy!

With lollypops and fire-works,  
With cakes and whiz-bangs, too,  
With tops and candy cigarettes,  
Whatever should I do?

Torpedoes have a splendid noise,  
But noise is quickly past,  
And the sweetness of a lollypop  
Is something that will last.

—*John Farrar*

## THIS IS HALLOWEEN

Goblins on the doorstep,  
Phantoms in the air,  
Owls on witches' gateposts  
Giving stare for stare,  
Cats on flying broomsticks,  
Bats against the moon,  
Stirrings round of fate-cakes  
With a solemn spoon,  
Whirling apple parings,  
Figures draped in sheets  
Dodging, disappearing,  
Up and down the streets,  
Jack-o'-lanterns grinning,  
Shadows on a screen,  
Shrieks and starts and laughter—  
This is Halloween!

—*Dorothy Brown Thompson*

## THANKSGIVING MAGIC

Thanksgiving Day I like to see  
Our cook perform her witchery.  
She turns a pumpkin into pie  
As easily as you or I  
Can wave a hand or wink an eye.  
She takes leftover bread and muffin  
And changes them to turkey stuffin'.  
She changes cranberries to sauce  
And meats to stews and stews to broths;  
And when she mixes gingerbread  
It turns into a man instead  
With frosting collar 'round his throat  
And raisin buttons down his coat.  
Oh, some like magic made by wands,  
And some read magic out of books,  
And some like fairy spells and charms  
But I like magic made by cooks!

—*Rowena Bastin Bennett*

## CHRISTMAS GREETING

Sing hey! Sing hey!  
For Christmas Day;  
Twine mistletoe and holly,  
For friendship glows  
In winter snows,  
And so let's all be jolly.

—*Author Unknown*

## BUT GIVE ME HOLLY, BOLD AND JOLLY

But give me holly, bold and jolly,  
Honest, prickly, shining holly;  
Pluck me holly leaf and berry  
For the day when I make merry.

—*Christina G. Rossetti*

## THE CHRISTMAS EXCHANGE

When Bill gives me a book, I know  
It's just the book he wanted, so  
When I give him a ping-pong set,  
He's sure it's what I hoped to get.

Then after Christmas we arrange  
A little Christmas Gift Exchange;  
I give the book to him, and he  
Gives back the ping-pong set to me.

So each gives twice—and that is pleasant—  
To get the truly-wanted present.

—*Arthur Guiterman*



## BUNDLES

A bundle is a funny thing,  
It always sets me wondering;  
For whether it is thin or wide  
You never know just what's inside.

Especially on Christmas week,  
Temptation is so great to peek!  
Now wouldn't it be much more fun  
If shoppers carried things undone?

—*John Farrar*

## PRESENTS

I wanted a rifle for Christmas  
I wanted a bat and a ball,  
I wanted some skates and a bicycle,  
But I didn't want mittens at all.

I wanted a whistle  
And I wanted a kite,  
I wanted a pocketknife  
That shut up tight.  
I wanted some books  
And I wanted a kit,  
But I didn't want mittens one little bit.

I told them I didn't like mittens,  
I told them as plain as plain.  
I told them I didn't WANT mittens  
And they've given me mittens again!

—*Marchette Chute*

## CHRISTMAS

My goodness, my goodness,  
It's Christmas again.  
The bells are all ringing.  
I do not know when  
I've been so excited.  
The tree is all fixed,  
The candles are lighted,  
The pudding is mixed.  
The wreath's on the door  
And the carols are sung,  
The presents are wrapped  
And the holly is hung.  
The turkey is sitting  
All safe in its pan,  
And I am behaving  
As calm as I can.

—*Marchette Chute*

## MY GIFT

What can I give Him  
Poor as I am;  
If I were a shepherd,  
I would give Him a lamb.  
If I were a wise man,  
I would do my part.  
But what can I give Him?  
I will give Him my heart.

—*Christina G. Rossetti*

## WORDS FROM AN OLD SPANISH CAROL

Shall I tell you who will come  
to Bethlehem on Christmas Morn,  
who will kneel them gently down  
before the Lord, new-born?

One small fish from the river,  
with scales of red, red gold,  
one wild bee from the heather,  
one grey lamb from the fold,  
one ox from the high pasture,  
one black bull from the herd,  
one goatling from the far hills,  
one white, white bird.

And many children—God give them grace,  
bringing tall candles to light Mary's face.

*Shall I tell you who will come  
to Bethlehem on Christmas Morn,  
who will kneel them gently down  
before the Lord, new-born?  
—Ruth Sawyer, trans.*

## LONG, LONG AGO

Winds through the olive trees  
Softly did blow,  
Round little Bethlehem  
Long, long ago.

Sheep on the hillside lay  
Whiter than snow;  
Shepherds were watching them,  
Long, long ago.

Then from the happy sky,  
Angels bent low,  
Singing their songs of joy,  
Long, long ago.

For in a manger bed,  
Cradled we know,  
Christ came to Bethlehem,  
Long, long ago.

—*Author Unknown*

## ABOVE THE STABLE

Above the stable,  
Angels sing,  
Inside the manger  
Lies a King!

Lies an Infant,  
Meek and lowly  
Lies a Sovereign  
High and Holy!

—*Nona Keen Duffy*

## CHRISTMAS IN THE WOODS

Tonight when the hoar frost falls on the wood,  
And the rabbit cowers, and the squirrel is cold,  
And the horned owl huddles against a star,  
And the drifts are deep, and the year is old,  
All shy creatures will think of Him.  
The shivering mouse, the hare, the wild young fox,  
The doe with the startled fawn,  
Will dream of gentleness and a Child:

The buck with budding horns will turn  
His starry eyes to a silver hill tonight,  
The chipmunk will awake and stir  
And leave his burrow for the chill, dark midnight,  
And all timid things will pause and sigh, and sighing, bless  
That Child who loves the trembling hearts,  
The shy hearts of the wilderness.

—*Frances Frost*

## CHRISTMAS CAROL

God bless the master of this house,  
The mistress also,  
And all the little children,  
That round the table go,  
And all your kin and kinsmen  
That dwell both far and near;  
I wish you a Merry Christmas  
And a Happy New Year.

—*Author Unknown*

# A LITTLE HOUSE WILL PLEASE



Sometimes a little house will please  
The heart a mansion cannot win.  
It seems to curtsy by the door  
To ask you in.

—Elizabeth Coatsworth





## SOMETIMES A LITTLE HOUSE WILL PLEASE

Sometimes a little house will please  
The heart a mansion cannot win.  
It seems to curtsy by the door  
To ask you in.

So bright shine all the windowpanes,  
So fresh the little rooms and gay,  
The kettle bobbing on the stove  
Asks you to stay.

It tries to tell you things it knew  
Of captains and the fishing fleet,  
Of summer calms and winter gales,  
Of wind and sleet.

It tries to tell you of the wives  
And children living, waiting there—  
“Bad days and good, good days and bad,”  
Creaks the small rocking chair.

—*Elizabeth Coatsworth*

## OUR HOUSE

Our house is small—  
The lawn and all  
Can scarcely hold the flowers,  
Yet every bit,  
The whole of it,  
Is precious, for it's ours!

From door to door,  
From roof to roof,  
From wall to wall we love it;  
We wouldn't change  
For something strange  
One shabby corner of it!

The space complete  
In cubic feet  
From cellar floor to rafter  
Just measures right,  
And not too tight,  
For us, and friends, and laughter!

—*Dorothy Brown Thompson*

## THE LITTLE BIRD

My dear Daddie bought a mansion  
For to bring my Mammie to,  
In a hat with a long feather,  
And a trailing gown of blue;  
And a company of fiddlers  
And a rout of maids and men  
Danced the clock round to the morning,  
In a gay house-warming then.  
And when all the guests were gone, and  
All was still as still can be,  
In from the dark ivy hopped a  
Wee small bird: and that was Me.

—*Walter de la Mare*

## OLD LOG HOUSE

On a little green knoll  
At the edge of the wood  
My great great grandmother's  
First house stood.

The house was of logs  
My grandmother said  
With one big room  
And a lean-to shed.

The logs were cut  
And the house was raised  
By pioneer men  
In the olden days.

I like to hear  
My grandmother tell  
How they built the fireplace  
And dug the well.

They split the shingles;  
They filled each chink;  
It's a house of which  
I like to think.

Forever and ever  
I wish I could  
Live in a house  
At the edge of a wood.

—*James S. Tippet*

## I LIKE HOUSE CLEANING

It's fun to clean house.

The food isn't much,  
And paint's all about  
That we mustn't touch;  
But strange stored-away things,  
Not like everyday things,  
Make marvelous playthings  
From attics and such.

The boxes come out  
From closets and chests,  
With odd sorts of clothes  
Like old hats and vests,  
And photographed faces,  
And ribbons and laces,  
And postcards of places,  
And cards left by guests.

Then Mother says, "Throw  
The whole lot away!"  
And Father says, "Wait—  
I'll need this someday."  
But either way's meaning  
A chance to go gleaning  
Among the house cleaning  
For new things to play!

—Dorothy Brown Thompson

## CROSS PATCH

Cross patch,  
Draw the latch,  
Sit by the fire and spin;  
Take a cup,  
And drink it up,  
Then call your neighbors in.  
—*Mother Goose*

## THE CASTLE IN THE FIRE

The andirons were the dragons,  
Set out to guard the gate  
Of the old enchanted castle,  
In the fire upon the grate.

We saw a turret window  
Open a little space,  
And frame, for just a moment,  
A lady's lovely face;

Then, while we watched in wonder  
From out the smoky veil,  
A gallant knight came riding,  
Dressed in coat of mail;

With slender lance a-tilting,  
Thrusting with a skillful might,  
He charged the crouching dragons—  
Ah, 'twas a brilliant fight!

Then, in the roar and tumult,  
The back log crashed in two,  
And castle, knight and dragons  
Were hidden from our view;

But, when the smoke had lifted,  
We saw, to our delight,  
Riding away together,  
The lady and the knight.

—*Mary Jane Carr*

## A WORD ABOUT WOODPILES

Life isn't dreary,  
Nor altogether hard,  
If one has a woodpile  
In one's back yard:

Chips like a carpet,  
Sweet bark rolled,  
Little knots of lightwood  
Worth their weight in gold;

Cedar slabs fragrant  
In the golden sun;  
Pine sticks stewing  
When the rosin starts to run;

Logs of oak and chestnut,  
Logs of beech and birch;  
And a sort of clear quiet,  
Like the quiet in a church,

And a kind of homey comfort  
That warms to the core—  
There's nothing like a woodpile  
At one's back door!

—*Nancy Byrd Turner*

## AT MRS. APPLEBY'S

When frost is shining on the trees,  
It's spring at Mrs. Appleby's.  
You smell it in the air before  
You step inside the kitchen door.

Rows of scarlet flowers bloom  
From every window in the room.  
And funny little speckled fish  
Are swimming in a china dish.

A tiny bird with yellow wings  
Just sits and sings and sings and SINGS.  
Outside when frost is on the trees,  
It's spring at Mrs. Appleby's!

—*Elizabeth Upham McWebb*



## GODMOTHER

There was an old lady  
Who had three faces,  
One for everyday,  
And one for wearing places—  
To meetings and parties,  
Dull places like that—  
A face that looked well  
With a grown-up hat.

But she carried in her pocket  
The face of an elf,  
And she'd clap it on quick  
When she felt like herself.  
Sitting in the parlor  
Of somebody's house,  
She'd reach in her pocket  
Sly as a mouse . . .  
And there in the corner,  
Sipping her tea,  
Was a laughing elf-woman  
Nobody could see!  
—*Phyllis B. Morden*

## BIBLE STORIES

The room was low and small and kind;  
And in its cupboard old,  
The shells were set out to my mind;  
The cups I loved with rims of gold.

Then, with that good gift which she had,  
My mother showed at will,  
David, the ruddy Syrian lad,  
With his few sheep upon a hill;

A shop down a rude country street,  
The chips strewn on the floor,  
And faintly keen across the heat;  
The simple kinsfolk at the door;

Mary amid the homely din,  
As slim as violet;  
The little Jesus just within,  
About His father's business set.

My mother rose, and then I knew  
As she stood smiling there,  
Her gown was of that gentle blue  
Which she had made the Virgin wear.

How far the very chairs were grown!  
The gilt rose on each back,  
Into a Syrian rose was blown,  
And not our humble gold and black.

That week long, in our acres old,  
Lad David did I see;  
From out our cups with rims of gold,  
The little Jesus supped with me.

—*Lizette Woodworth Reese*

## THE LITTLE CARVED BOWL

I always wanted  
    A little carved bowl  
With grapes around the edges  
    And gilt on the whole  
And a daffodil garden  
    And a singing soul;

I wanted gold rings  
    And a satin dress  
And a friend who knew  
    What no other could guess  
And a very great  
    Gold happiness. . . .

I never have had  
    The satin gown  
And no gold happiness  
    Ever came down  
To be my shelter  
    And my shining crown,

Nor a daffodil garden  
    Nor a singing soul  
Nor ever a friend  
    Who knew me whole  
But today someone gave me  
    A little carved bowl.

—*Margaret Widdemer*

## WHO'S IN

"The door is shut fast  
And everyone's out."  
But people don't know  
What they're talking about!  
Says the fly on the wall,  
And the flame on the coals,  
And the dog on his rug,  
And the mice in their holes,  
And the kitten curled up,  
And the spiders that spin—  
"What, everyone's out?  
Why, everyone's in!"  
—*Elizabeth Fleming*

## HOUSE BLESSING<sup>1</sup>

Bless the four corners of this house,  
And be the lintel blest;  
And bless the hearth and bless the board  
And bless each place of rest;  
And bless the door that opens wide  
To stranger as to kin;  
And bless each crystal window-pane  
That lets the starlight in;  
And bless the roof-tree overhead  
And every sturdy wall.  
The peace of man, the peace of God,  
The peace of Love on all!  
—*Arthur Guiterman*

<sup>1</sup> Taken from *Death and General Putnam and 101 Other Poems*, by Arthur Guiterman, published and copyright, 1935, by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York.

## A CHILD'S GRACE

Some hae meat and canna eat,  
And some wad eat that want it;  
But we hae meat and we can eat,  
And sae the Lord be thankit.

—*Robert Burns*

## WHEN JACKY'S A VERY GOOD BOY

When Jacky's a very good boy,  
He shall have cakes and a custard;  
But when he does nothing but cry,  
He shall have nothing but mustard.

—*Mother Goose*

## NOSE, NOSE, JOLLY RED NOSE

Nose, nose, jolly red nose;  
And what gave thee that jolly red nose?  
Nutmegs and cinnamon, spices and cloves,  
And they gave me this jolly red nose.

—*Mother Goose*

## POLLY PUT THE KETTLE ON

Polly put the kettle on,  
Polly put the kettle on,  
Polly put the kettle on,  
And let's drink tea.

—*Mother Goose*

## THE CUPBOARD

I know a little cupboard,  
With a teeny tiny key,  
And there's a jar of Lollypops  
For me, me, me.

It has a little shelf, my dear,  
As dark as dark can be,  
And there's a dish of Banbury Cakes  
For me, me, me.

I have a small fat grandmamma,  
With a very slippery knee,  
And she's Keeper of the Cupboard,  
With the key, key, key.

And when I'm very good, my dear,  
As good as good can be,  
There's Banbury Cakes, and Lollypops  
For me, me, me.

—*Walter de la Mare*

## TURTLE SOUP

Beautiful Soup, so rich and green,  
Waiting in a hot tureen!  
Who for such dainties would not stoop?  
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!  
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!  
    Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!  
    Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!  
Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,  
    Beautiful, beautiful Soup!

Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,  
Game, or any other dish?  
Who would not give all else for two p  
    ennyworth only of beautiful Soup?  
Pennyworth only of beautiful Soup?  
    Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!  
    Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!  
Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,  
    Beautiful, beauti—FUL soup!  
        —*Lewis Carroll*

## WASH THE DISHES, WIPE THE DISHES

Wash the dishes, wipe the dishes,  
Ring the bell for tea;  
Three good wishes, three good kisses,  
I will give to thee.

—*Mother Goose*

## MAGIC LARIAT

We went to a circus in the town  
And saw a cowboy lasso a clown.  
Then, reaching home through the late sunshine,  
We made a lariat out of a vine  
And tried to whirl it about and cling  
To posts, each other, or anything  
That pleased our fancy. . . . That must be  
The reason we had chanced to see,  
At the garden's edge, a silvery thread,  
Like a magic lariat over the head  
Of a marigold just opened that day,  
From a little bare bush across the way—  
A cobweb noose flung out to hold  
A moment that had turned to gold!

—*Glenn Ward Dresbach*

## OF A SPIDER

The spider weaves his silver wire  
Between the cherry and the brier.  
He runs along and sees the thread  
Well-fastened on each hawser-head.  
And then within his wheel he dozes  
Hung on a thorny stem of roses,  
While fairies ride the silver ferry  
Between the rose-bud and the cherry.

—*Wilfrid Thorley*



## MISTRESS MARY, QUITE CONTRARY

Mistress Mary, quite contrary  
How does your garden grow?  
With cockle-shells, and silver bells,  
And pretty maids all in a row.

## PROUD HOLLYHOCK

The hollyhock with crimson bells  
Has grown so proudly high  
It leans atop the garden wall  
To see what it can spy.  
It sees our neighbor, Mrs. Maggs,  
A-hanging out the clothes:  
The winding road and distant fields  
Where corn is stacked in rows.  
But never, never does it see  
The wonders in the grass,  
Where under tiny spears of jade  
The tiny insects pass. . . .  
—*Marguerite Buller*

## NIGHT WATCHMEN

When I'm in bed at night,  
Outside my door  
And just in sight  
At the head of the stairs  
Sit two little bears.

They sit very still,  
As still as can be.  
They're sitting on guard,  
Just watching, you see.

Their ears are wide open,  
And so are their eyes.  
They'll catch anyone  
If anyone tries  
To come up the stairs.  
But nobody dares  
Because of the bears!

—*Wymond Garthwaite*

## DEEDLE, DEEDLE, DUMPLING, MY SON JOHN

Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John,  
Went to bed with his stockings on;  
One shoe off, and one shoe on,  
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.

—*Mother Goose*

## SHOP OF DREAMS

Shop of dreams is up on a hill,  
Close to the morning star;  
An odd little shop, in a meadow of sleep,  
Where all kinds of novelties are.

Just follow the road to Slumberland,  
That leads over hill and dale,  
And right at the end you will see a sign:  
"Very Fine Dreams For Sale."

The keeper of dreams is an old, old man,  
With a twinkle in his eye—  
He's been showing his wares since the world was new,  
To people who come to buy;

Tucked under the eaves, small drowsy birds  
Sing slumber songs, over and over,  
While woolly white sheep jump over the fence  
To nibble the moonbeam clover.

—*Mary Jane Carr*

## CRADLE SONG

From groves of spice,  
O'er fields of rice,  
Athwart the lotus-stream,  
I bring for you,  
Aglint with dew,  
A little lovely dream.

Sweet, shut your eyes,  
The wild fire-flies  
Dance through the fairy *neem*;  
From the poppy-bole  
For you I stole  
A little lovely dream.

Dear eyes, good night,  
In golden light  
The stars around you gleam;  
On you I press  
With soft caress  
A little lovely dream.

—*Sarojini Naidu*

## GOOD NIGHT<sup>1</sup>

On tip-toe comes the gentle dark  
To help the children sleep  
And silently, in silver paths,  
The slumber fairies creep.

Then overhead, God sees that all  
His candles are a-light,  
And reaching loving arms to us  
He bids His world Good Night.

—*Dorothy Mason Pierce*

<sup>1</sup> Taken from *The Susanna Winkle Book*, by Dorothy Mason Pierce, published and copyright, 1935, by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York.

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